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	To the WEST OF ENGLAND—Taunton, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Exeter, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Newton Abbot, Torquay, Paignton, Kingswear, Dartmouth, &c., &c. † Not to Taunton, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, and Lynton by the 10.10 p.m. *** PADDINGTON TO EXETER, 3 hrs. 57 mts.**	* 8.54 a.m. and † 10.10 p.m.
	To BREST (BRITTANY), to return any sailing date. Fare 37/6.	—
EASTER MONDAY, April 12th	NON-STOP DAY TRIP to WESTON-SUPER-MARE. Return 7.32 p.m. ,, 5/6.	8.20 a.m.
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EASTER TUESDAY, April 13th	HALF-DAY TRIP to OXFORD, BANBURY, LEAMINGTON, and STRATFORD-ON-AVON. Fare to Oxford, 3/6; other places, 4/-	11.33 a.m.
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No. 278.—Vol. XXI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 31, 1909 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

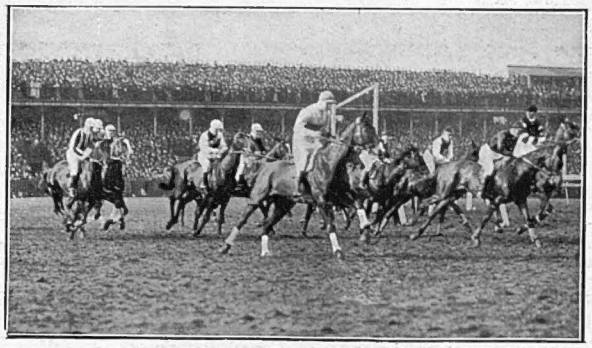
Photo *Lallie Charles*

AN APRIL BRIDE: LADY ROSEMARY CAIRNS

The charming daughter of the late Lord Cairns, who is to be married on April 20 to Lieut. Wyndham R. Portal, 1st Life Guards, the son and heir of Sir William Wyndham Portal, Bt.

The French Success at the Grand National

BY CARBINE



The Start for the Grand National—
There were thirty-two runners, the biggest field since 1850

A Great Achievement

There are some races which one will never forget so long as memory serves. Different events, of course, impress people in different ways, and for my own part I always recall Ard Patrick's Eclipse Stakes and Bachelor's Button's Ascot Gold Cup as two of the most absolutely dramatic races of our time. With those events I now place last week's Grand National, a struggle intensely thrilling and magnificent in its every phase. That superb duel over the last few fences between Lutteur III. and Judas will be recalled when the names of most of the horses who finished behind them have been entirely forgotten. It was a glorious sight for the immense crowd, and when M. Hennessy's horse plainly showed superior speed at the last, and gallantly won his race, the ringing cheers that went up were good to hear. Those of us who questioned Lutteur's ability to jump a course so entirely foreign to him need make no apology. Simply, he is a greater horse than we imagined him to be. It was a sheer delight to see so polished a performance over the most difficult steeplechase course in the world, and, in view of all the circumstances, it was, as I said last week it would be if Lutteur won, a wonderful achievement.

The Scene at Liverpool

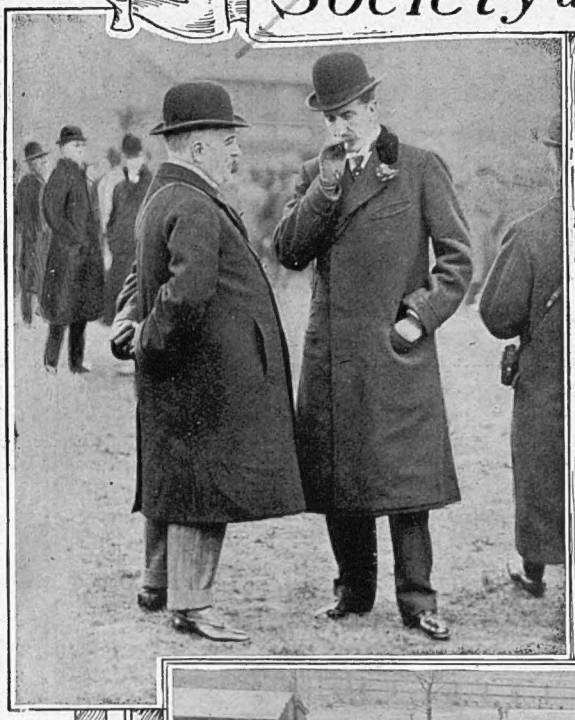
The scene was almost as memorable as the actual race. I thought it must surely be a record crowd, but the receipts have, it seems, been exceeded on one occasion. Naturally, the absence of the King, always so keen on the National, was greatly regretted. Never do I remember quite so much difficulty in getting about Tattersall's enclosure as there was on Friday, and the crush in the paddock was so great that one could catch only an occasional glimpse of the horses. The weather would have been almost summerlike but for a rather keen wind, and the County Stand was a veritable feast of colour. So clear and fine was the day that the horses, for once in a way, could be followed all the way round. A feature of the crowd was the large proportion of Frenchmen it included. Everywhere one turned one heard the French tongue, and evidently our neighbours were determined not to let their good horse make his effort without plenty of friends to cheer him on. Not less brilliant than the jumping and pace of Lutteur III. was the horsemanship of young Parfrement, who is undoubtedly a master in the art of steeplechase riding. He had longer leathers than when he appeared recently at Hurst Park, yet his saddle was more forward than those of the other jockeys, and it was really cross-country riding in the flat-race style.

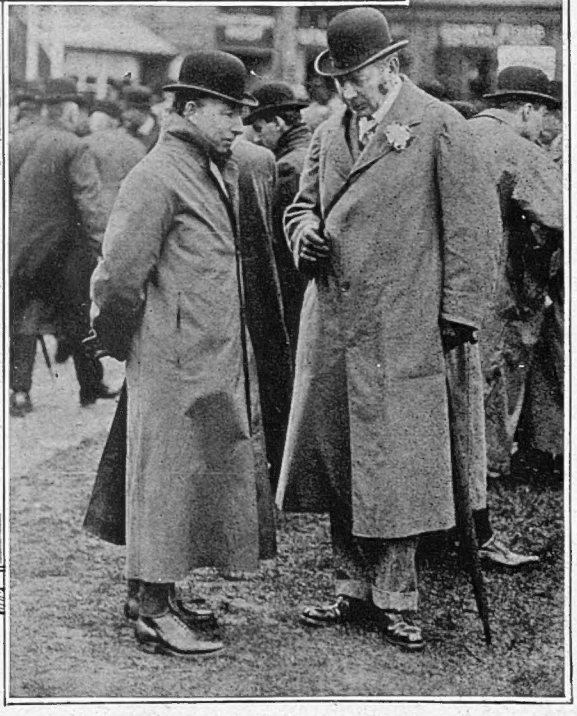
—And the Finish
M. James Hennessy's Lutteur III. (Parfrement up) winning from Mr. B. W. Parr's Judas (Chadwick up)

Flat Races Past and Future

Both in the Lincoln and Grand National it was seen how much better it is for backers to wait until the day of the race than to accept the ridiculous prices which bookmakers offer weeks before the event. Arranmore, for example, started at an excellent price in comparison with what had been laid a week previously, and he gave us a very good run for our money. There was just one too smart for him in Duke of Sparta, who was one of last season's disappointments, always "going to win," but never quite getting there. However, this time he made ample amends for all his failures. As the horse is just now obviously at his best, I shall look to **Duke of Sparta** to win the Doveridge Handicap at Derby on Friday, in spite of his substantial penalty. As for the Newbury Spring Cup on Thursday, it seems quite useless to search beyond **Arranmore** for the winner, as Mr. Joel's colt is "thrown in" the race, and something extraordinary must happen to deprive him of victory. The only possible danger that I can see is from Sam Darling's stable. **Back Answer** is my selection for the Thatcham Handicap on the same afternoon, while **Flagship** may win the Derbyshire Plate on Saturday.

Society at Aintree



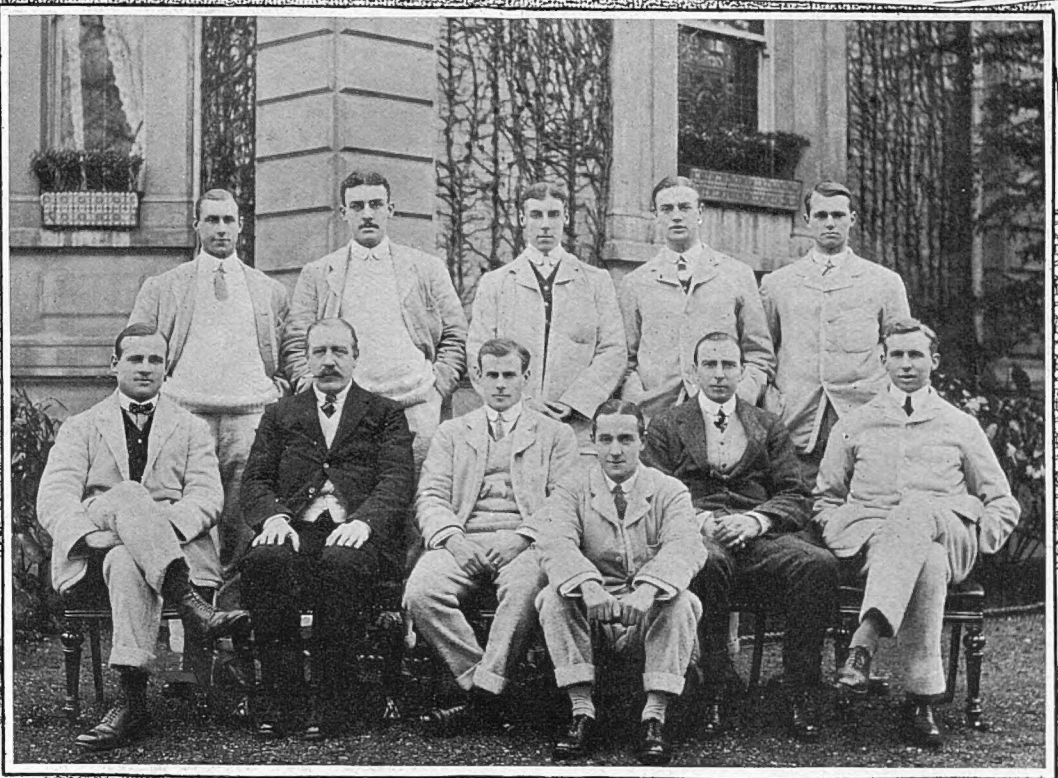


(1) The Earl of Sefton (right) (2) Sir E. C. Cochrane and Lady Cochrane (3) The Scene in the Paddock
(4) Viscount Cole (centre) and Lady Cole (5) The Earl of Lonsdale (right)

In the County Stand at Aintree last week were to be seen Mrs. Hall Walker, looking very well in a black hat with white feathers and a lovely sealskin coat; Mrs. Greer, in a purple coat and skirt; Mrs. "Charley" Coventry, also in purple; and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh; while, of the racing men who never miss the National, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Marcus Beresford, Lord Sefton, Lord Cole, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Villiers, Captain Greer, Mr. Stanley Howard, Captain Dewhurst, and Mr. "Tommy" Lushington were noticed

The 'Varsity Crews

FOR NEXT SATURDAY'S BATTLE OF THE BLUES

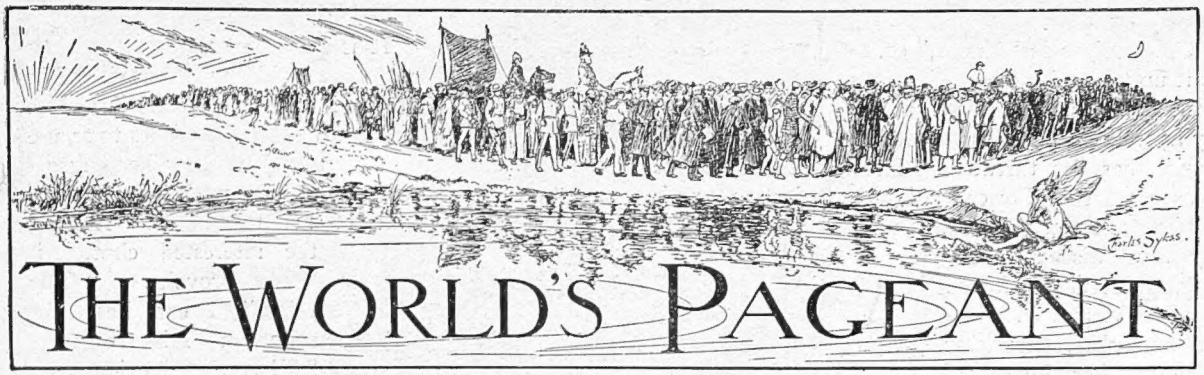


Photo] **Cambridge University** [*Stern*

G. L. Thomson (3) J. B. Rosher (6) E. S. Hornidge (7) H. E. Swanston (2) G. E. Fairbairn (Bow)
S. D. Muttleberry (Coach) D. C. R. Stuart (Stroke) F. J. Escombe (Coach
E. G. Williams (5) G. D. Compston (Cox) H. E. Kitching (4)

Photo by] **Oxford University** [*Moyse and Co., Putney*

R. C. Bourne (Stroke) A. S. Garton (4) D. Mackinnon (5)
C. R. Cudmore (3) H. R. Barker (2) A. G. Kirby (7) A. C. Gladstone (Bow) J. A. Gillan (6)
A. W. Donkin (Cox)



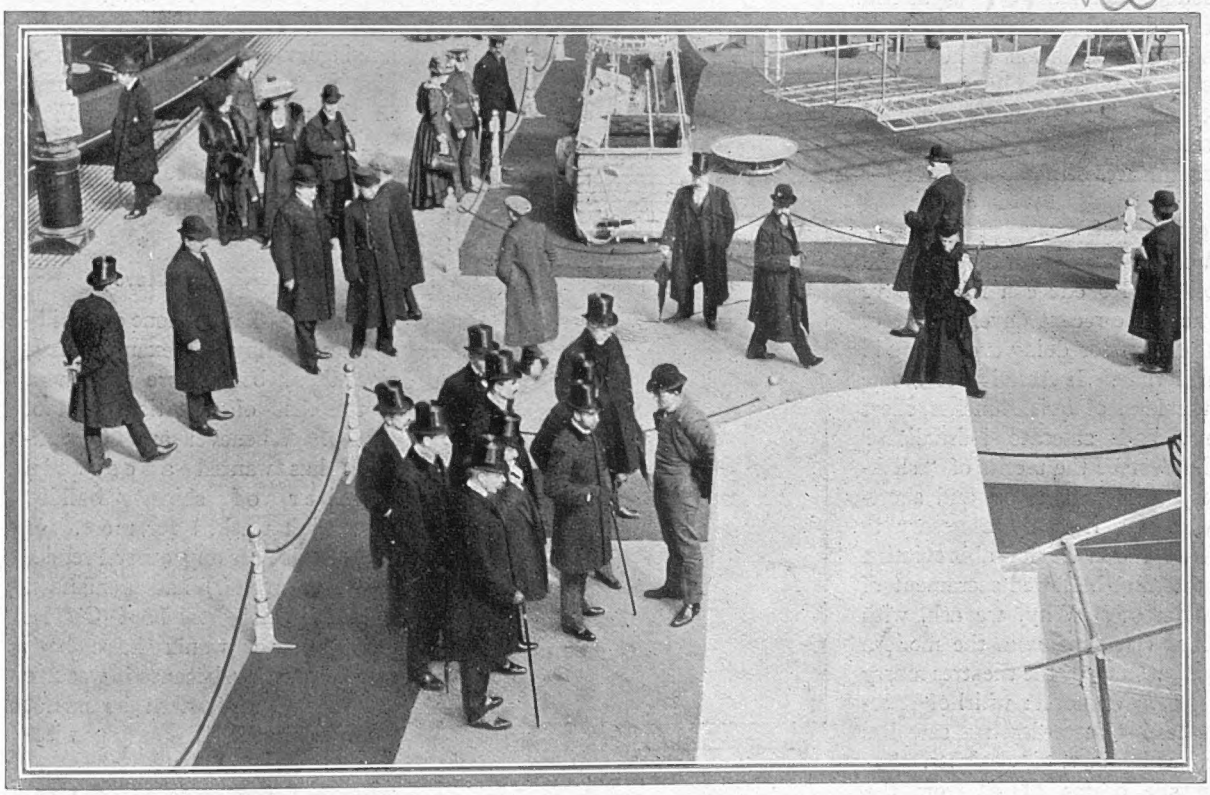
Royal Visits Abroad

Sir Edward Grey's tribute to his Majesty's services as "Ambassador" abroad was much needed, and it is to be hoped we shall hear the last of the Parliamentary questions on this matter. To these visits England owes more than to anything else the friendly relations she at present enjoys with France, Russia, Spain, Italy, and the Scandinavian kingdoms, friendships which will prove invaluable in the great crisis which is approaching between us and another Power.

* * *

H.B.M. His Own Ambassador

As Sir Edward added, there had been no constitutional change involved in the fact that a Minister had not been present on most of these occasions. His Majesty had acted merely as a glorified Ambassador, whose dealings were as subject to Foreign Office revision as those of less august negotiators. After all, the Constitution leaves but little domestic responsibility in the hands of the Sovereign. What better, therefore, than that he should be the emissary of his people abroad, especially when he is so tactful and universally popular a man as King Edward? It is exceedingly likely that, in future generations, foreign visits will be a recognised part of the duties of monarchs. It being impossible for a Cabinet Minister to absent himself from the centre of things, it is necessary that the duty of impressing foreign peoples with a nation's sentiments should be delegated, and the higher the position of the delegate the greater his power to impress. Were it British custom to send to foreign Embassies men of popular eminence, as it is that of the United States, no doubt the frequent visits of a monarch might cause displeasure to the nominal ambassadors. But the custom being to send merely departmentalists, there is decided need for an occasional decorative touch, and this nobody is better able to give than the present British Sovereign. The time may come when a less popular King sits on our Throne; then it will be for the diplomatist to emphasise himself. At present, he should be content to regard himself, should occasion require, as liable occasionally to amiable supersession.



The Prince Among the Planes: H.R.H. Enjoys a Little Discussion with other Experts

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales visited the Aeroplane Exhibition at Olympia last Thursday, and in his many comments on the various exhibits displayed great knowledge of the science of flying. He is seen above standing close to Captain Windham's machine, the merits of which he is discussing

"Peace"!—

"Order reigns in Warsaw," or, to put it up-to-dately, "peace" reigns in the Balkans. Germania, as we may as well call the Austro-German alliance, has, by threatening Russia with immediate war, secured that Power's adhesion to last autumn's violation of the Berlin Treaty, and, whatever England may have wished to the contrary, Servia is forced to go to Vienna in sack-cloth and ashes, renouncing for ever her hopes of national expansion and access to the sea. Austria secures by this, practical dominion over the Balkans, and should there be even a whisper of protest, her legions by land and sea are armed and ready at once to punish the whisperer. And they call this peace!

* * *

—And Its Moral

I write in ignorance of the result of the Censure debate. But if ever there was a lesson for Britain, Germany has taught it to her now. Because Russia was too weak for immediate war, she has been forced to surrender her traditional rôle in the Balkans—that of protector of the Slav race—and will probably never recover it. Where she once stood "Germania" now stands. May there not come a day when England, through inadequate attention to her naval needs, may suddenly be faced with a similar threat to surrender something equally vital or face the consequences of immediate war?

* * *

Staccato Matrimony

What has come over the theatrical world? No one can fail to have noticed the recent development of its passion for doing everything in quick time. Is America to blame—the land of quick lunches, short runs, and staccato journalism? Whatever be the merits of "slickness," tabloid seasons, and shortbread, was it really necessary to extend the craze for abbreviation to the time-hallowed sacrament of matrimony? Why, we ask, with pained emotions, *must* the modern young woman of the theatres marry in such a desperate whirl of apostrophes? Yesterday we saw her pirouetting in virginal tights. To-day she beams at us from the front page of the *Daily Blither*, enwreathed with the halo of matrimony. Why to-day? Why not after the interval which is customary in other ranks of life?

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Another Lightning Theatrical Wedding!

Miss Maudi Darrell, who was married, almost before the breathless public could realise it, at the Paddington Registry Office to Mr. Ian Bullough, a Scottish landowner, on Wednesday last

The Marchioness Douro (née Miss Maud Coats)

Taken just prior to her departure for her honeymoon. She was married on the 23rd inst.

"I'd Like to Publish the Banns"

It is quite nice that these pretty people should be married. But would it not be possible for some theatrical star (who wishes to secure a really unique advertisement) to allow her engagement to be announced a few weeks in *advance* of the actual date of her marriage? Imagine the interested chatter it would provoke. "Only think," I can hear the suburban Miss exclaim, "Flora Florin was engaged yesterday and is *not* going to be married to-morrow." The public would flock to the theatre just for the sake of gazing upon the epitome of eccentricity.

* * *

"Charlie"; Hero and Martyr

A great deal of flag-waving and shouting greeted the arrival of Lord Charles Beresford, who is, by the noisy section, associated with the "big navy" policy as against Sir John Fisher, who, I presume, is supposed to be the advocate of a small navy. To make a hero of Lord Charles solely because he has been ordered to haul down his flag is to prejudge the case without a knowledge of the evidence. It is so very easy to admire the celebrated sailor-politician without making a martyr of him, and using him as a shot for the "man at the piano" (to wit, the First Sea Lord), who is, one must suppose, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, doing his best.

* * *

Always He Asks for More

Beresford, having done one brilliant naval thing at Alexandria, has, since then, been more prominent in the field of agitation than of tactics. Whenever any Government has wanted a certain number of ships, "bulldog Charlie" has asked for more. If Mr. Asquith (or any other Premier for that matter) had demanded fifty Dreadnoughts, Lord Charles Beresford would have been found resigning because it was not a hundred. Not that he is not generally right. The only possible British Navy is the strongest possible. But some regard must be had for the national finances, and it is inability to take them into consideration which is the weakness of such agitators.

The Hon. Hermione Fellowes

Photo *Rita Martin*

The third daughter of Lord de Ramsey, who is shortly to marry Captain Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, M.V.O., Scots Guards, second son of the Duke of Richmond. He is a keen sportsman, and has seen war service in the Transvaal and Southern Nigeria

The Yawning Scrap-heap

In last week's debates, Ministers made themselves supremely ridiculous in their violent diatribes against scaremongers. Who but themselves started the scare? It is all very well for Mr. Asquith to boast of our fine fleet of pre-Dreadnought battleships, of which type we possess a substantial majority. True that, for the moment, these forty ships are still Britannia's bulwarks, but—and this is the vital point to note—the scrap-heap already begins to yawn for every one of them. Mr. Asquith thinks their period of usefulness may endure for five to eight years longer. That is a flattering unction to the Ministerial soul against which the public should be warned.

* * *

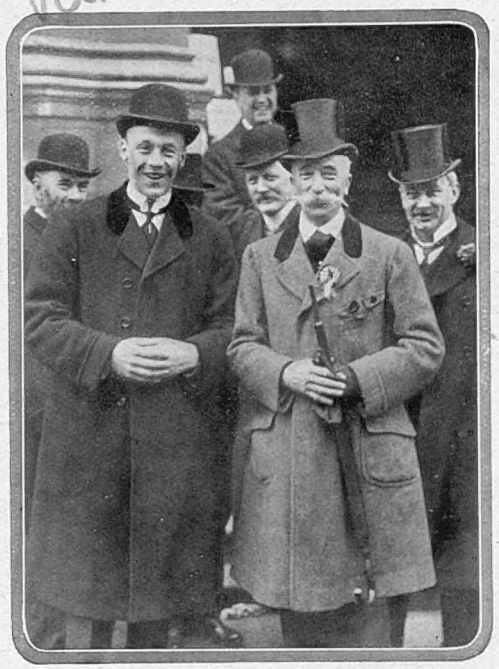
The Marine Renaissance

The truth is, that the launch of the Dreadnought (however much we may regret it) marked a complete revolution in the design of battleships. The fact is admitted and recognised, but the consequences have not been fully faced. The evolution of this absolutely new type of fighting machine means that we have got to begin anew. Britannia must accept this startling truth, cut her losses, and rise like the Phœnix from the ashes of her Victorian fleet. A costly business, but such is the price of Admiralty.

* * *

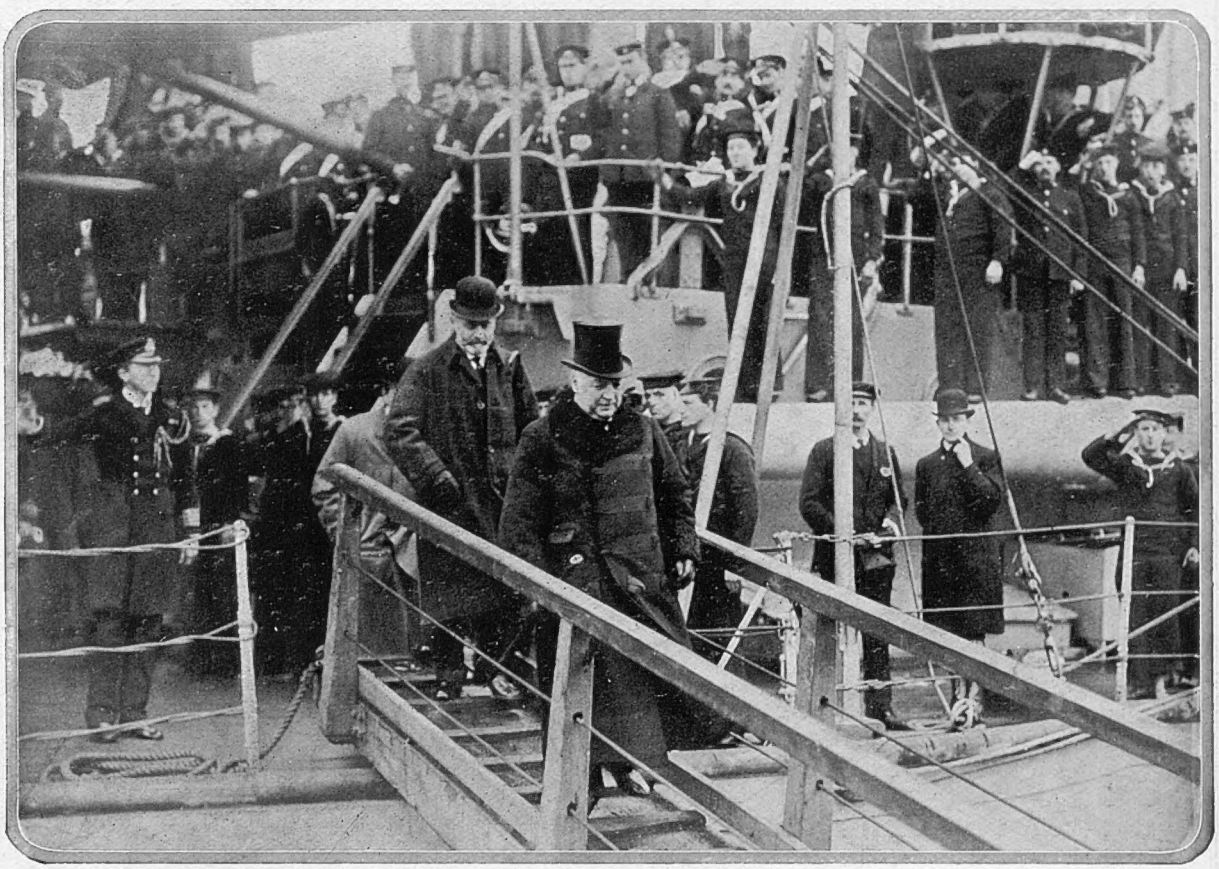
New Fleets for Old

Consider for a moment. In laying down these mighty Dreadnoughts we have sown the Dragon's teeth. Within three years, several fleets of these powerful monsters will ride the seas, and this means that the earlier battleships will be completely outclassed and discredited as engines of war. According to the Darwinian law, they are doomed. Three years hence no fleet of King Edwards or Formidables will be safe upon seas patrolled by Dreadnoughts. The pleasant theory that the obsolete can survive is unsound and contrary to Nature. Youth, in the shape of Dreadnoughts, is knocking at the door of Empire. Vastly inferior to the new type, the Edwards, Formidables, etc., once sighted by a much smaller fleet of Dreadnoughts, could neither escape nor fight with any chance of success. Six Dreadnoughts could probably destroy in an hour a fleet of eighteen Edwards.



"Dam the Flowing Tide!"

Said Mr. J. E. Raphael (left), the Liberal candidate, at Croydon. The Conservative champion, Sir Robert Hermon-Hodge (right), was confident enough to laugh at the idea



The Silent Salute: Beresford's Farewell

Lord Charles Beresford landed on Wednesday last from his flagship, *King Edward VII.*, on relinquishing the command of the Channel Fleet. By his request there was no cheering by the ship's company. The whole crew were mustered aft, stood at attention as he stepped down the gangway, and gave a silent salute

The Crowd-scape at Lincoln

THE CARHOLME WAS BLACK WITH PEOPLE ON THE DAY OF THE LINCOLN HANDICAP

The green plain, overlooked by Lincoln Cathedral, was crowded with racegoers on the day of the first important event of the flat-racing season. The big race was won by Mr. A. C. Mandaras's Duke of Sparta, "an animal who once changed hands for the war price of an omnibus horse." The owner is a Greek merchant carrying on business in the City, and is, sad to tell, totally blind

Hence it follows that obsolete fleets will have to lie quiescent in their ports until the contending Dreadnoughts have destroyed each other. But in naval war that never happens. There will always survive a victorious modern fleet, and the old battleships can never be utilised by the defeated Power. The victor, on the other hand, will not need its older ships. Men talk loosely of using obsolete fleets against old fleets of the enemy. This is idle talk, for the old fleets that put to sea are far more likely to be surprised and destroyed by squadrons of Dreadnoughts than to meet with their contemporaries of the four gun type. These forty battleships of the swiftly passing era will just suffice to "hold the ring" while England builds up her fleet anew. But, even so, she must build quickly.

* * *

The South Pole Saved After All

A dull, aching sensation as of personal loss came upon me with the first report of the actual discovery by Lieut. Shackleton of the South Pole. Geography, despoiled by generations of explorers of its once priceless collection of mysteries, had yet, I reflected, been left its Poles. Time after time, attempts to filch them from their obscurity had failed, and if we had little hope of the preservation of the North Pole from the discoverer's flag, we did, at all events, look on the South Pole as safe. Nobody would be fool—nobody would be foolhardy enough, one reasoned, to bother about an apex so uninterestingly detached from all contact with population. And here had Lieut. Shackleton, heralded by no warn'ng messages, gone and done it in the twinkling of an eye (or, to be exact, in seven months). Then came a reassuring sequel. The Pole itself had not been actually reached, but had practically been sighted—only a hundred miles or so away. This was better. All that then became necessary was to become enthusiastic about the indomitable pluck, endurance, enterprise, etc., displayed, the scientific results secured, mountains explored, new mammals, fungoids, and insects run to earth, chortling all the time that the South Pole itself yet remained in its glorious obscurity—a mystery still, and long may it remain so!

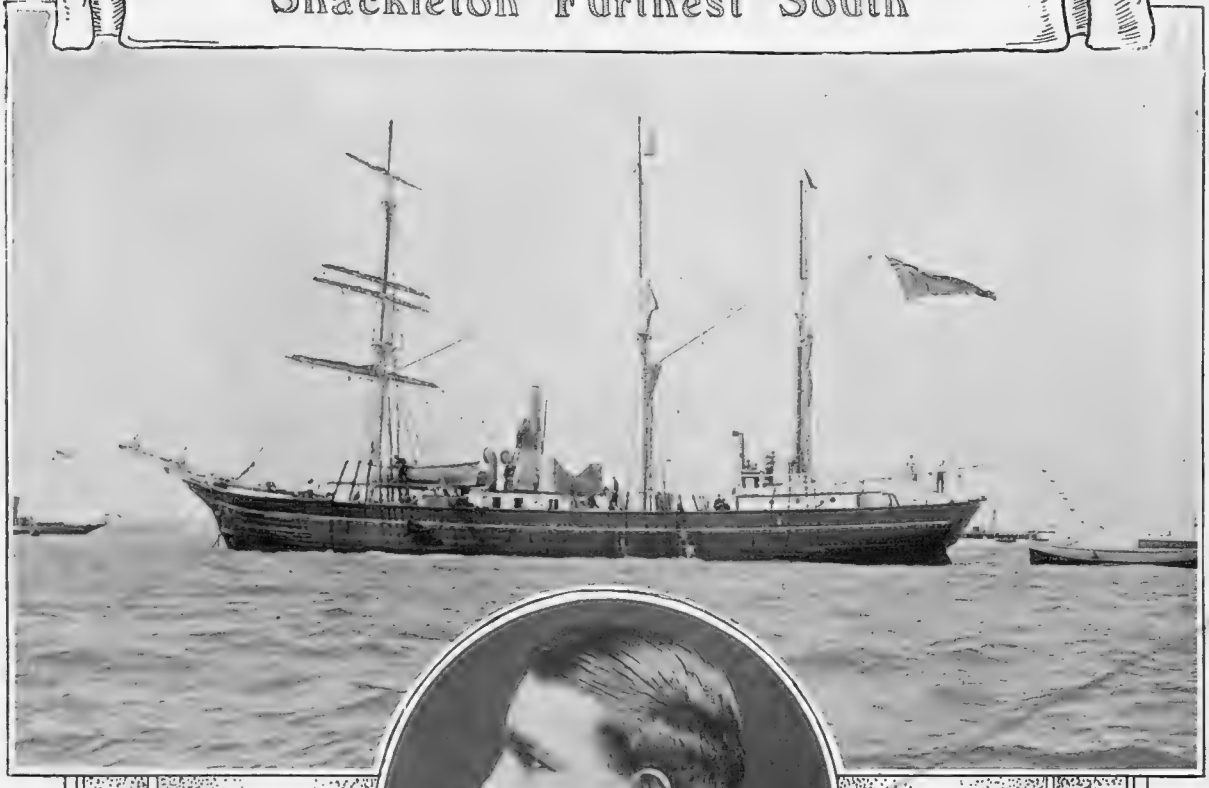
"Good-Bye and Good Luck!"

Officers on board H.M.S. *Britannia* standing at attention as Lord Charles Beresford's flagship, *King Edward VII.*, threaded her way through lines of stately battleships and cruisers, on her journey from Portland to Portsmouth. Lord Charles gave up the command of the Channel Fleet last Wednesday

The Explorer Himself—A Reminiscence

Lieut. Shackleton (who should, surely, be made a captain, failing knighthood itself) is a persistently young man, handsome of visage, pleasant, and entirely unaffected of speech. He was, for some time, Secretary of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, a post which he easily obtained by virtue of his services to geography in the Antarctic regions. Between the conclusion of the *Discovery* expedition and his assumption of his duties in Edinburgh, he was attached to the literary staff of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's publications, and in his capacity as a journalist made himself deservedly popular. A little prejudice of Lieut. Shackleton is one he has against the pastime of walking. He would invariably drive up to and away from his literary duties in a brougham, and was once known to be seriously angry because there was no cab to take him across the road.

Shackleton Furthest South



(1) HIS SHIP, (2) HIMSELF, AND (3) HIS MERRY MEN ALL

In July, 1907, Lieut. Shackleton set sail in the "Nimrod" for the South Pole. He is now on his way home, having succeeded in reaching the Southern Magnetic Pole, and actually approaching within 111 miles of the South Pole itself. In the first picture is shown the good ship "Nimrod," a forty-year old sealing ship; in the centre is a portrait of the resolute explorer himself (by Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street); and, below, his gallant crew

WANTED! Alliance with America

IF England is proved, by the present confusion of counsels as to how she should best meet the German peril, to be a house divided against itself, there is, from the foreigner's standpoint, one striking unity to be detected among us. Disagree as all of us may as to how we should best defend ourselves, every one of our various sects, Big Navy, Little Navy, or Conscriptionist, bases its policy on

(1) the desire to defend the country, and
(2) the preparation to do so single-handed.

What would have been the attitude of any other European Power confronted with so grave a menace as that which Germany levels at Britain? After passing the needful military and naval estimates, her diplomats would have promptly sought a powerful alliance. Can we English, in the position in which we find ourselves, afford to ignore this potent instrument?

What Alliances Have Done

People sneer at alliances, but their existence has, for thirty years, preserved the peace of the Continent. It was largely because of her absence of friends, her "splendid isolation," that Britain, during the 'nineties, found herself so persistently confronted with crises. Disputes with America, Germany, France, and Russia arose with dangerous frequency. Only when, after much consideration, we entered the outer ring of the charmed circle by concluding first the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and afterwards the French *entente*, did our diplomacy assume a smoother course. The Japanese Alliance, undoubtedly, dispelled, for a term of years, all ideas that Russia may have entertained of attacking us in India, and compelled her to turn her attention to the Near East, with the consequences all now know.

It behoves us now, however, to ask whether the French *entente* is a sufficient instrument for the purposes of defending Great Britain from attack? Without doubting the loyalty of France, or casting any reflection on her material value as an ally, she has hardly a sufficiently direct interest in resisting Germany's naval expansion, and in the protection of British security, to be able to afford the risk to her frontiers which alliance with a non-military power such as Britain would involve. We must look elsewhere, and seek an ally who would be directly interested in our Imperial preservation, and able to offer, without risk to herself, to defend it—a Power to whose emphatic interest it would be that England should remain an efficient bulwark against German dreams of world-power.

What Both Parties Would Gain

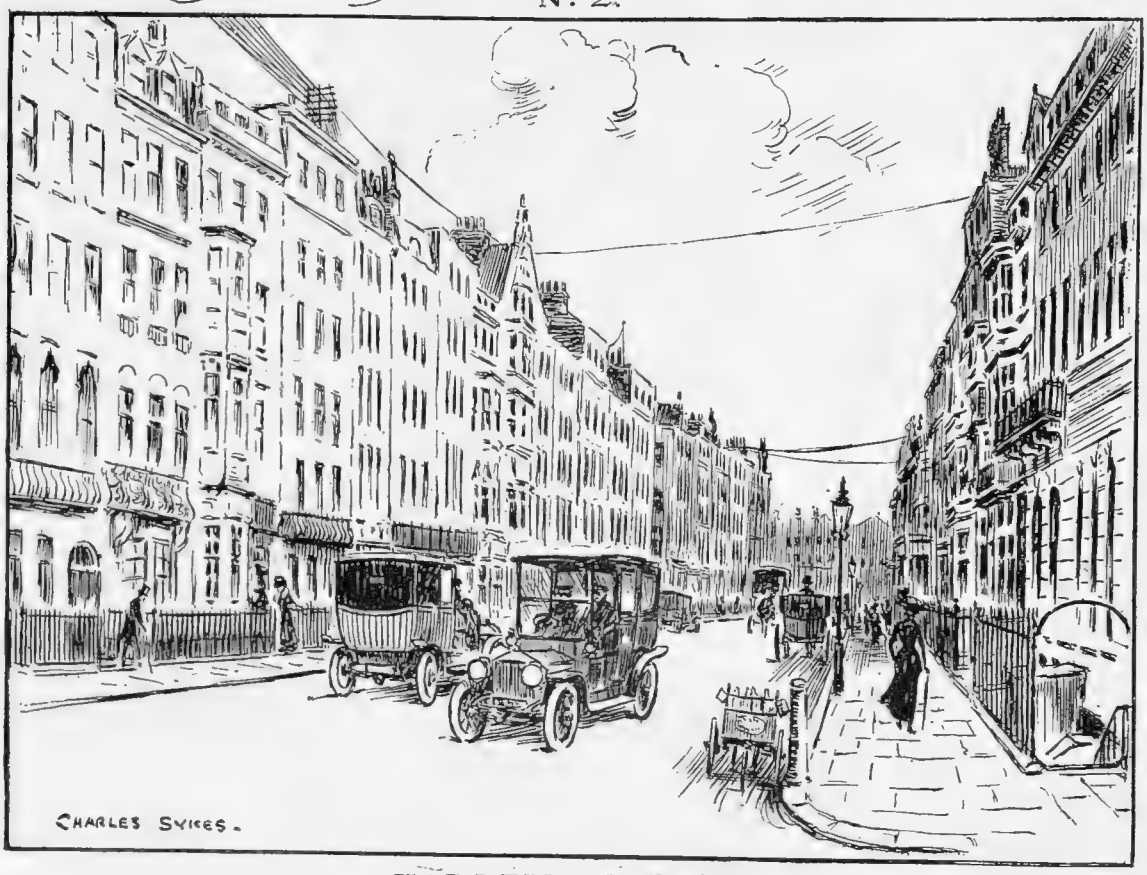
The Power in question is, undoubtedly, America. The United States have so direct and unquestionable a political interest in the British position in Europe that a direct peril to our national security, such as is threatened by the German naval programme, is one which she is inevitably bound to anticipate, and to deal with as an American interest of the first class. The German annihilation of Britain would mean, politically, that a Power which has never adopted the Monroe Doctrine would be loosened for a direct challenge of that doctrine. The arrival of an all-powerful German Fleet off the American coasts would, with the defeat of Britain, become an imminent possibility. True, the United States would not have much fear of an invasion of their homes; but could they resist a landing in Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, or South America? It is, therefore, obviously the direct concern of America to kill any such ambition at its incubation by embarking immediately on a ship-building programme, and by offering her hand to Great Britain in offensive and defensive alliance. Britain's advantage from the alliance would be her gain of a reserve naval force in the event of defeat, which would keep clear our rear in the Altantic. The American Fleet would harass all attempts to institute a blockade, which might threaten to cut off our food supplies.

Home Rule as Part Payment

There would, of course, be a good deal of give and take before such an alliance could be concluded, both sides desiring, no doubt, guarantees commercial as well as political. What these would be is for the diplomatists to decide, but one of them which would probably be wrung from England by America, as a preliminary to alliance, would be a settlement of the Irish problem. The United States could not, with its large Irish population, refuse to exact from Britain some concession to Ireland in the direction of Home Rule. Now, in the past, the objection to Home Rule has been that an autonomous Ireland might be a menace to Imperial security. When England was on harsh terms with not only the European Powers but also America herself, a semi-independent Ireland might have been a danger. But England, friendly with most of the Powers, supported by her Colonies, and ALLIED WITH AMERICA, would have nothing to fear from Ireland, who could have no conceivable interest in co-operating with the Germans.

Songs of the Streets

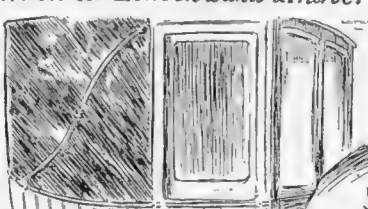
No. 2.



HARLEY STREET

Though I haven't donned a uniform
And never wore a cap
Or an apron like a snow storm
In a drift across my lap
Or had scissors on a ribbon
Where I ought to hang my purse
I'm the one they always send for
When old London wants a Nurse.

I've a way for silks and shaded lamps
A way for rags and dark
Pain doesn't come from Hampstead
Just to call upon the Park,
For it's not a simple outing
Running races with a hearse
And you're never off from duty
When old London wants a Nurse.



The Palace says "I need you",
And the Hovel sobs "I'm sick,"
While the telephone calls clear and sharp
"An accident — Come quick."
And the telegraph and cable
From a host of distant lands
Begs the swiftness of my thinking
And the cunning of my hands.

The Palace moans "I'm dying",
And the Hovel "I'm just dead",
And you've got to drag them both to life
And make them walk instead,
And prop them up and run them out
And set them on their feet
If you mean to keep the polish
On the name plate of your street.

Archibald Sullivan

Next Week No. 3—Fleet Street

In the Land of Real White Cities

THE BOMBAY MEDICAL CONGRESS AND EXHIBITION

Mr. Rudyard Kip'ing's birthplace is now the scene of an important Medical Congress and Exhibition. Representatives of both military and civilian branches of the medical profession are meeting to discuss matters affecting the health of the mixed population of our Indian Empire. The central picture shows H.E. the Governor, Sir G. S Clarke, G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., on his way to open the Exhibition. Below is a picture of the opening ceremony, and above a view of the grounds

On the Continent

His Majesty taking his customary morning walk on the front at Biarritz, where the weather continues to be bright

Biarritz Jottings

Nothing new! Same old crowd flocking down to capture a glance of recognition from his Majesty—and waylay him, of course, in the most unpremeditated manner—on his early morning walk, and bespeak seats as near to him as possible wherever special places are reserved at the Casino or on the Esplanade, at the golfing ground, and any other spot whereat the King is wont to kill time in the afternoon. For the King, however novel in his political methods, is a Conservative in his daily round of hygienic toil. An early riser, a punctual worker, the King keeps the hours he fixes, and you can set your clock as he appears for each of the tasks prescribed by his medical specialists for the repairing of his health.

"Le Repos de Dimanche"

The French have come to look upon the King as a sort of unofficial Sovereign, who owes them Royal patronage just as they give him loyal admiration. I have seen even an enthusiastic French peasant give a shake of his head and speak familiarly of his Majesty as "Oncle Edouard," as if he knew all the King's little weaknesses and loved him for them. And in the same familiar way the King was reckoned upon to adorn with his Royal presence the Sunday races. They have never quite understood the King's refusal of their kind invitation on the ground of *le repos de Dimanche*, which in France is purely an Act of Parliament observance. After I had explained the King's reason for declining, an old French lady only observed, "I fail to understand"; nor have I ever been able to explain in France our Sabbatarian views.

The Basque Peasantry

The population round Biarritz is not really French, but Basque, and it is one of the most steady, frugal, and honest populations on the territory of the Republic. Within half an hour's ride of it is Bayonne, the capital of the Basques, and very few miles still farther on is Spanish Basqueland. All round this picturesque angle of the bay to San Sebastian, and beyond, people speak the same language, and are all the same steady-going, unobtrusive sort of men and women, excellent and faithful servants, who wander with equal facility to Madrid or Paris or away to South America (where their good, substantial qualities make them welcome immigrants). But they never forget the old country, and if you wander about the villages of the Pays Basques, you will find everywhere many men, and often women, who have made their little pile in Argentina or some other Spanish Republic on the other side of the Atlantic, and returned to buy a little land and enjoy the freedom and independence of those peasant proprietors who are the greatest national asset of the Republic. The English visitors to Biarritz seldom give any attention to the highly interesting population at the back of the forest which divides it from the rest of the world.

Gilded Gaiety

Biarritz itself is cosmopolitan, or, at any rate, no longer Basque, and is fast becoming a rival of Nice, but it has charms of its own which far exceed anything that Nice can offer within its own boundaries. The hotel at which the King is staying—the Hotel du Palais—was originally a residence of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. It has been adapted to the requirements of a modern high-class hotel, and the view from its windows over the gulf is one of the finest in the world. Biarritz is becoming livelier and livelier, owing very largely, if not entirely, to the patronage of Europe's two most popular Kings. Hunt balls, dinners at Cyprien's, suppers at the Casino, or what is ultra-*chic déjeuner* at the Hotel du Palais, succeed each other in the intervals of bridge

and golf. Nowhere, in fact, can time be killed more effectively and more pleasantly than in this little quondam fishing village in this corner of the tormented "Bay of Biscay, Oh!" Though even Biarritz has its drawbacks when one cannot get one's Paris correspondence.

Back to Work!

Everyone is rejoicing at the conclusion of the strike of the Paris postal, telephone, and telegraph employés. Prompted by the promises of M. Clemenceau, the infinitely tactful and astute French Premier, a meeting of six thousand strikers resolved to resume work by a majority of 5,700 votes to 300. The fight lasted for eight days, and caused terrible inconvenience all through the commercial world, as well as to visitors to the French Capital and the Continent. In some ways, however, it was a droll affair. The unenlightened M. Simyan has been the funniest figure in the hubbub. The more people abused him, the more stolidly stupid became his attitude. M. Simyan was not afraid of saying disagreeable things to those who had faults to find with his service, but the public did not know that every fault they found meant something nasty for M. Simyan's subordinates, and gradually the whole service was goaded, through his conscientious but tactless and irritating interference with details, into rebellion. At the time of the strike, M. Simyan had, perhaps, the record number of enemies that any man has been able to gather round him, without there being any specific grievance. Some found fault with the choices he made in promotion from lower to higher posts, others with pettifogging administrative orders, but the most amusing feature was that these earlier grievances, however insignificant, ceased to exist, and the one cry remaining was "Down with Simyan!" One of the telephone girls told me that he was quite "*une brute*," he always came into the presence of the *demoiselles* with his hat on, and treated them as if they were maid-servants, and called them a lot of "magpies."

Princesses Who Play in the Street

Prince Carl of Sweden's three pretty daughters, Margaret, Martha, and Astrid

Empty Chairs

Paris was practically in a state of siege. I never had so curious an arrival. No one expected me, for no one had received letters or telegrams. For any special business, special messengers had to be sent from London or elsewhere. Anyone seeing "Gay Paris" for the first time during the strike period would wonder, indeed, at such a flattering description. In the usually crowded and fashionable Ritz tea-room on one day, six persons were taking tea; even in the Montmartre Cabarets, in "Enfer," "l'Abbage," etc., the orchestras scraped out their usual semi-melancholy music and the dancers performed their uninteresting dance gymnastics to almost an empty room. In fact, nothing hitherto devised to damage Paris, and France generally, has been so successful as this strike; and yet, strange to say, there has been a great deal of sympathy with the strikers, because they struck, at their own risk, against an unpopular man. M. Simyan's blundering has not damaged the Government, but that is due to his chief, M. Barthou, Minister of Public Works, an old Parliamentary hand, and one of the most popular men in the Government, and with his constituency, where he was unopposed. He made a first-rate speech on the subject in Parliament, and carried his fellow-deputies entirely with him.

Jaggers' Warm Reception

In spite of the discomfort we suffered from this extraordinary strike, people, as a rule, seemed to see the humorous side of the situation. The fact that the manager of the biggest bank in Paris received but one solitary letter in the space of two days, that the Minister of Justice received only one letter, the request of a post for a telephone girl, are among the stories which are going the rounds of the cafés. The arrival of London messenger boys in their quaint little costumes caused no small excitement. One of them, having travelled all Thursday night, arrived at Paris about 5 a.m. and immediately delivered his letters. The *concierge*, imagining him to be one of the mid-Lent revellers of the night before, severely punished him for waking him at that hour in the morning, and the young man, of course, was unable to explain his mission.

An Oasis in the Desert

Never had Paris appeared to me so melancholy as on my arrival. Absolutely nothing was going on but the strike. All those who could afford it had left the Gay City, the theatres were half empty, and there was practically only one good play worth seeing, and that was *Le Roi*, which King Edward patronised for the second time on his way to Biarritz. This is one of the cleverest, merriest (not too proper, of course), and best skits on the Government the theatregoers of Paris have yet seen, and the idea of giving the rôle of Bijou to Mlle. Lantelme was also a happy one. Like Réjane, Mlle. Lantelme dons, as often as is possible during the piece, all the latest and ultra-*chic* creations of the Rue de la Paix. But Mlle. Lantelme has this advantage over Réjane—she possesses not only charm, but exquisite beauty. It looks as if *Le Roi* would still have a very long run, which is extraordinary for Paris. I saw *Le Roi* in Vienna, but it is not *Le Roi* one sees in Paris. In the concoction made in Germany there is no "*sel*," as the French would say, and many of the witticisms which are so delightful in French, in German fall quite flat.

Business and Beauty

A GERMAN LADY WHO SUCCEEDS IN BLENDING BOTH

FRAULEIN CAROLINA STOETE

One of the cleverest young business women in Germany, well known in Berlin society, and considered one of the prettiest girls in the German capital, has just secured, on behalf of the company of which she is Chairwoman, a contract from the Belgian State Railways, which marks the last thing in railway economy effected by a foreign Government. Miss Stoete's syndicate has receiv d permission to collect all newspapers and paper of every description left in carriages on the Belgian railways, and in return contracts to manufacture and supply free of charge, from the paper thus obtained, as many cardboard tickets as the railways may require. It is estimated that the company will make a profit of from 12 to 15 per cent. per annum

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Anne Cleaver, Playing the Part of Lucy in "The Noble Spaniard," at the New Royalty

THE NEW ROYALTY

"The Noble Spaniard"

There was an air of gaiety and merriment abroad on the first night of the New Royalty. Firstly, the brilliant audience wanted to welcome Mr. Hawtrey back to health and management, and secondly, they were determined to laugh and enjoy Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Victorian" farce, *The Noble Spaniard*. Owing a little, perhaps, to the popularity of the players, the farce sped along to an accompaniment of applause. Like the story, the laughter weakened slightly towards the final curtain. The play is made up of skilful yet unconvincing mistakes (greatly admired in the old days) plus a touch of rather belated satire on the costume and manners of our grandparents. When, at the end of the play, the characters each say in various ways, "The whole thing is as plain as a pike-staff," we feel they have been just a little slow in seeing it. However, that is the way with a Victorian plot.

Confusion Confounded

A charming widow, Marion Nairne, deliciously played by Miss Kate Cutler, quite the best thing she has done, her sister Lucy, cleverly acted by Miss Cleaver, and a few friends of that marked and impossible individuality so proper to a farce, are staying at Boulogne for the summer. The Duke of Hermanos—of course Mr. Charles Hawtrey—with hildalgo airs and original graces, sees and loves the widow. With the Hawtrey-Hildalgo to love is to possess. He is the egoist of extravaganza. The widow is frightened in a Victorian way, but attracted. She invents a husband to get rid of her admirer's too pressing attention, and thus the plot begins. The Duke thinks she ought to know that love endures no tie, and Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury. He is immovable and yet impassioned, obstinate but charming. From the moment of the invention of the husband, everyone is mistaken for another. The elderly Lady Proudfoot (Miss Fanny Brough) is made to believe that the Spaniard is in love with her; Mr. Justice Proudfoot (Mr. Lyall Swete) is mistaken for the husband, and told by the overwhelming Duke that the world cannot hold both of them. Misunderstanding and the duel now follow rapidly on mistake until all is confusion and unconvincing despair. There is never a touch of reality in the play, never a note of truth, and thus you see it is a real farce undisturbed by the comedy which writers of our time so frequently force upon this class of production. Anyway, it is full of fun, and the audience is not allowed time for anything but laughter—only one wishes that we were seeing this sort of thing for the first time. Still, the elderly convention of the intrigue is mitigated by some happy phrases in the best Maugham manner, and by the amusing dresses of the ladies.

Victorian Frocks

The happy idea of putting his adaptation, *The Noble Spaniard*, into the costume of 1850 belongs, I believe, to Mr. Maugham, who has once more demonstrated his skill in pleasing his audience. To pass from a modern play to such a piece as this is like leaving a chapter of Mrs. Elinor Glyn or

MID-VICTORIAN COMEDY

BY NORMAN MORROW

John Oliver Hobbes and turning to the forgotten pages of Mrs. Gore or Lady Blessington. But *the* novel of the 'fifties is, of course, "The Newcomes," and the costumes and characterisation of Mr. Maugham's young ladies suggest much of the old-world tender grace of that romantic and alluring period. Either Ethel or Rosa might have developed from Marion and Lucy. With the aid of the Richard Doyle-like dresses, the author recaptures the spirit of delicate sentiment, the Victorian note and point of view. Mr. Tom Heslewood, who has designed the costumes, succeeds immensely with the ladies, but, judged by contemporary drawings, the men appear a little too flamboyant. However, the *ensemble* is preserved and the picture a genteel delight.

The Art of Mr. Hawtrey

But far and away the most important point at the Royalty is, of course, the actor-manager-hero-convalescent. Whether it were wise to appear before us as an over-dressed Spanish impossibility of 1850, in an unbecoming costume, is unimportant. Personally, I think the charming and distinguished modern stage personality of Mr. Charles Hawtrey should be preserved. The past has its unlimited stores of artistic wealth, and we possess so little. It can be taken for granted that an actor of so much experience and ability can give us any sort of character he wills, but we welcome most the histrionic individuality that he has already so skilfully created for us. His theatrical personality is of the moment and in the centre of the movement. He can give us the men we know and like, the just presentment of people who play in the everyday farces and dramas of the world with which we amuse ourselves. To exchange these living, lively people for a stageland person, such as the Duke of Hermanos, is, one feels, not quite cricket. During the period of management that now opens out before Mr. Hawtrey, one looks for a gallery of delightful men of our own period which shall become historic. Meanwhile, the *Spaniard* will give pleasure to all lovers of laughter.

Mr. Lewis Waller's Leading Lady, Miss Auriol Lee
As Miladi in *The Three Musketeers* at the Lyric Theatre

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

"Feed the Brute"

It was a clever managerial thought that suggested putting this amusing and vivid little piece by "George Paston" in front of the old-fashioned humours of *The Noble Spaniard*. When this comedietta of a modern industrial dwelling at West Ham was first shown by one of the useful theatrical societies, THE BYSTANDER foretold for it a fortunate future. Mr. Robert Whyte, Miss Mary Brough, and Miss Herbert now play, in convincing fashion, the three very real characters of the little piece, which is at once lively and sincere, with passages of pathos such as underlie all the satiric and amusing things in life. It is one of the few first pieces that everyone should go and see.

LONDON HIPPODROME

This is the last week of the "Motor Chase," as on Monday the Hippodrome will be closed for some months to undergo reconstruction.

PALACE THEATRE

Mr. Alfred Butt has been the recipient of a large number of requests to give further "Maud Allan" matinées. He has, in consequence, arranged for Miss Allan to appear at two special "farewell" matinées—one takes place to-day (Wednesday) and the other on Wednesday, April 7. Miss Allan concludes her engagement at the Palace on April 10.

THE COLISEUM

There is a strong programme, as usual, at the Coliseum this week. Seymour Hicks and Zena Dare remain in the bill, as does little Elise Craven in "The Queen of the Fairies." Among the more important new items are the Six Musical Courtiers, Katie Moss, A.R.A.M., who recites, plays the violin, and sings—she is the owner of a pleasing soprano voice; Mlle. de Saunoy, a French singer and dancer, who comes direct from Paris; and Farr and Farland, comedians.

The "Curtain Raisers" presented a series of four one-act plays at the Rehearsal Theatre, Maiden Lane, W.C., on the 10th and 11th inst. The chief feature was *Spoiling the Broth*, by Miss Bertha N. Graham, which had been previously played at the Court Theatre on the 3rd inst. The cast was an excellent one, and the acting of Miss Nina Hazel calls for special mention.

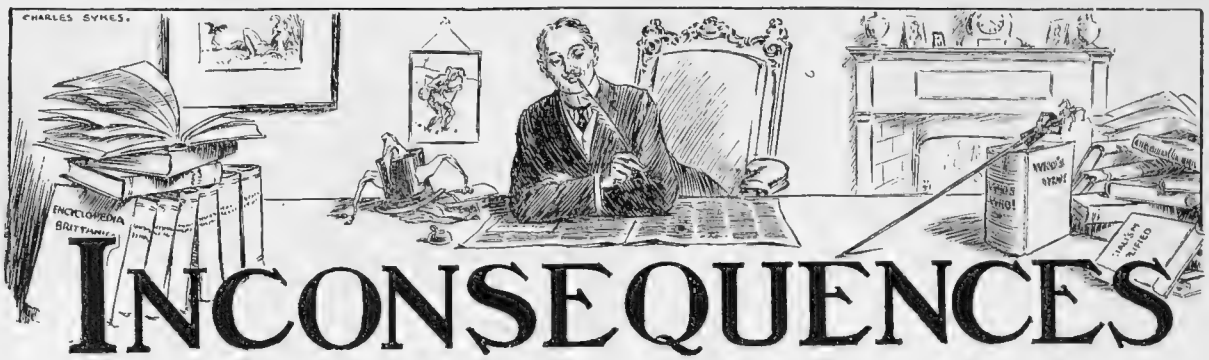
EMPIRE.—A DAY IN PARIS. Beats All Records.
LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN, B. COLLIER, Etc.
WINTER IN HOLLAND. GRAND NATIONAL ON BIOSCOPE, Etc.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

"As Yet a Child, Nor Yet a Fool."—Pope

Mother: "And if you see a goblin, or a giant, or anything, of course you won't be frightened, darling; it will only be a man dressed up"

Little Girl: "Really, mother! Thanks very much, but I've known for years that men aren't always what they pretend to be"

BY LEWIS BAUMER



INCONSEQUENCES

GREAT LAND MOVEMENT.—The shifting bog in Ireland.

* * *

DEBATABLE GROUND.—The *Daily Chronicle* asks in a headline, "Are We Growing Worse?"

* * *

At Salisbury Plain, the German officers visiting England were shown everything except the new howitzer gun—the finest in the world. Should there be a German invasion, they will be given every opportunity of studying its action.

* * *

On the first morning of the Paris postal strike, the telephone operators were found to be short. Later on, it was the subscribers who tried to call them up who were short.

* * *

While we have been imagining that Germany had only a dozen slips for building Dreadnoughts, it has just been found that she has really seventeen. So the Admiralty appears to have made a few slips of its own.

* * *

This enthusiasm about an invasion has gone rather far. There is a general feeling that a Territorial should pay no taxes, be allowed full wages on all his holidays, receive a handsome pension, and rank in the table of Precedence after the sons of peers and before baronets. Anyone in a uniform—even a Water Board inspector — is mobbed nowadays.

* * *

Mlle. Verlet, the latest star from the Paris Opera, says that, like Mme. Tetrazzini, she has taken a long time to come to London. Perhaps she made the mistake of travelling by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway.

* * *

ANSWER TO "AERONAUT."—A bi-plane is an airship with two planes. A tri-plane is one which tries to go up and fails. Several specimens may be inspected at any Aero Show.

* * *

URGENT.—Cheap eggs will be impossible to get for some weeks, says the *Grocer*. Is not this, then, the moment, *par excellence*, to hurry on with the General Election?

* * *

Our custom-house tariff states, the duty on "tobacco manufacturers exceeding 20,000lb. and not exceeding 40,000lb., £10 10*s*." It only shows us the tyranny we should have to put up with under Protection! The import duty on some of our really heavy Members of Parliament would be prohibitive.

* * *

"He has still the keenest enjoyment in life, and reads the daily papers without glasses," says a description of a happy centenarian. The rapture and ecstasy resulting from that, however, would depend on the daily paper.

* * *

At last we have found why we have had so many stupid partners at dinner. A book on dining etiquette tells hostesses "never to put two clever people side by side." Curiously enough, it adds, "husband and wife should not sit together."

* * *

OVERHEARD AT THE CARLTON

"Have you ever tasted Pêche Melba?"

"No, but I am fond of Patti de Foie Gras."

(*Sensation in Court*).

* * *

"Should babies sleep in cots?" asks a contemporary. What else should the infants do there—write novels or practise the piano? Besides, isn't it just the difficulty to get them to sleep in the cots? One might as well propose — should young boys absorb themselves in their studies during school hours? Let us turn to something practical.

POSSIBLE EMPLOYER: "But we are slack ourselves. If I found you anything to do it would be taking work from my own men"
APPLICANT: "The little I should do wouldn't 'arm nobody, guv'nor"
BY THOS. DOWNEY

SHOULD AUSTRALIA DEFEND HERSELF?

The Flagship in the Inner Harbour, Sydney

H.M.S. *Powerful*, the flagship on the Australian station, is a first-class cruiser, with a speed of 22 knots. She was commissioned at Portsmouth in 1897 by Captain the Hon. H. Lambton for service on the China Station. She subsequently landed the Naval Brigade and guns for service with the Natal Field Force for the relief of Ladysmith. She now flies the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Poore, Bart.

THE public feeling in the Colonies that has resulted in the offer of Dreadnoughts to the Mother Country is no less welcome if unexpected. The Admiralty has never taken the naval protection of Australia and New Zealand, in particular, very seriously. The present arrangement is that, for £200,000 annually from Australia and £40,000 from New Zealand, the Admiralty at home shall provide one first-class cruiser, two second-class cruisers, four third-class cruisers, and four sloops on the Australian Station; besides which the local authorities have of their own a few old torpedo boats and gun vessels acquired before 1885.

Why Not an Australian Navy?

Australians do not regard these ships as adequate defence, yet naturally for the small annual subsidy they cannot expect much more. The home Admiralty does not consider that subsidy sufficient local support of their responsibility to defend Australia against armed naval attack. So that the new scheme of an Australian navy, auxiliary to the home fleets, is nothing but agreeable to each party. Australia being, like Britain, an island, the existence of a navy must always, with her, be a first consideration.

The Citizen Army

Under the present system of military defence Australia has 22,000 permanent paid military forces, in whose ranks the men, on joining, are bound to service for a term of years. The remainder of her army consists of citizen forces, whose efficiency was splendidly illustrated in South Africa. Belonging to this branch are the militia, the volunteers, the members of rifle clubs, and the cadets. The importance of the two last-mentioned cannot be overrated. The rifle clubs are scattered all over the continent. They consist of men who meet regularly on the ranges for shooting competition, and for whom there is in places a certain amount of military instruction without ordinary regimental officers. They are simply a sort of emergency home defence, and in the case of hurried mobilisation would probably be used as irregulars and marksmen. But they can all shoot well, and most of them ride too.

Australia's Territorials

The Commonwealth has a splendid Citizen Army, whose worth was well proved in the South African War

Colonial Conscription

Enlistment in the citizen forces is voluntary, but in time of war all male inhabitants between the ages of eighteen and sixty are liable to be called out for service by Governor-General's proclamation. The Governor-General must notify to Parliament, or if Parliament is not sitting, specially summon it to receive, his reason for mobilisation. The men thus made available for land defence in extreme emergency would probably be about a million.

AUSTR
CITIZEN

The question of the defence of Australia, from both naval and military points of view, has for some time occupied the attention of the Commonwealth Parliament. The system of military defence is based on two principles: (*a*) The defence of Australian soil (*b*) The defence of Australian interests wherever threatened. The system consists of an elastic framework capable of expansion to receive additional fighting material. Administration—Force provided: (*a*) Permanent cadre force: (*b*) Field force, six (*c*) Garrison force for local defence. Percenta a reserve to militia. Establishment: Garriso peace strength, half war strength. Peace infantry 7,377, with 36 guns. War establishm

TRALIA'S OLDIERS

sixtalions light horse, three battalions infantry; entr of non-efficients, 20 per cent.; rifle clubs as riso rce, 11,752 for peace and war. Field force: ce- ablishment: light horse, 6,445, with 24 guns; hm light horse, 12,996, with 36 guns; infantry, 14,733, with 40 guns. Total: war, 27,753 all ranks, with 84 guns; peace, 13,831, with 60 guns Including garrison troops, gross strength: peace, 25,700; war, 39,600. Partially trained: light horse (approximately), 7,000; cadets, 9,103. Rifle club members, 28,721. Grand total of all forces: officers, 2,371; other ranks, 59,147

The Loveliness of Leaves

A GLIMPSE OF THE FOURTH FALL OF THE GIESSBACH CASCADES

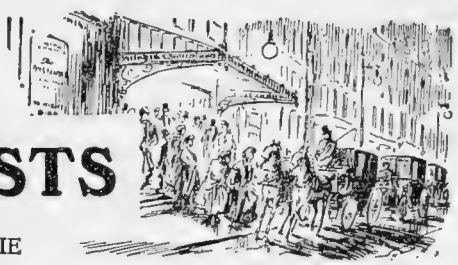
Photo *Keystone View Co.*

THE FOURTH FALL OF THE GIESSBACH, SWITZERLAND

The river here pours into the Lake of Brienz from a height of 980 ft. over a stairway of seven nearly equal steps, each separate cascade having a greater altitude than that of Niagara. They are crossed by three bridges, from which the visitors can have a great variety of views. Only so much of the natural forest is cut away as to open from each of the falls glimpses of those above and below. The cascades are illuminated every evening in the summer season, and attract thousands of visitors

The "Bystander" Short Stories

THE DIPLOMATISTS



By MARGARET LARMINIE

THE door of the brougham closed sharply, and the man who had stepped in sank back with a deep sigh.

His companion, sitting straight and slim in her white wrap, made no sound or movement, but as the carriage swept from the brilliantly lighted streets into the quieter darkness of a square she shivered slightly.

The man straightened himself. "You mustn't mind too much," he said gently.

"Mind!" Her voice broke.

He sighed again, this time very softly, and looked away from her out of the window.

"Who did you see afterwards?" he asked presently.

"Everyone, nearly. Oh, they were most polite—you know the sort of thing. 'Very hard on Mr. McClean to have such a thankless part,' 'Nothing to be made of it,' etc. They might just as well tell me straight out you were atrocious. I'm not a fool."

McClean's eyebrows went up, and his lips twisted slightly. "No," he said, a little indistinctly, "you are not apt to allow your—affections—to dim your critical faculty. Did you see Selwyn?"

"Yes. He vexed me. He said nothing; but he smiled. I hated his smiling."

He looked at her quickly, a sort of eagerness in his eyes. "Did you? That was nice of you, Marion. Though, of course, I know perfectly well what his smile meant."

"Oh, so do I. He wasn't smiling at you, or the piece—I shouldn't have resented that"—McClean drew back into his corner—"I minded because his smile was as good as saying, 'Poor Mrs. McClean, I know, I know . . . but you and I understand.' I resented his pity."

"I see," he said. "Thank you."

The carriage drew up.

In the dining-room McClean helped himself and his wife to whisky-and-soda, and drank his, standing near the empty fireplace, silently. "It's cold," he murmured once, glancing at the grate. "You'd better get off to bed."

She was already gathering up fan, gloves, opera-glasses, and spoke on the heels of a yawn. "My goodness, how I shall sleep."

"Yes." He winced, but smiled across his glass at her. "But don't dream!" he advised. "Good-night."

When she had gone he stood for a long time, his empty glass in his hand, staring down at the grate. His face relaxed, fell into lines of pain and contempt—a sort of shame in his eyes. When he roused himself it was not to go to bed; instead, he switched off the light and softly left the house.

Frank Selwyn, knocking out the ashes of a last pipe, was startled by an unceremonious intruder. "Good Heavens, Jim, what's the matter?"

McClean laughed wearily, and dropped into a chair.

"Look here, Frank, just tell me straight out what you thought, and get it over. I couldn't rest till I had your opinion."

"It was damn bad," said Selwyn obligingly.

McClean nodded. "Of course. I knew it was. Was I the worst of the lot?"

"Oh, no," said Selwyn, "but you were pretty far down!"

"You know," observed McClean drowsily, blinking at him, "I shouldn't like most people to tell me that. But when you say I'm damn bad I feel as if there was some chance for me!"

"You're a hopeless fool," Selwyn told him kindly, "and I think you'd better get away home to bed—unless you'll stay here?" The other shook his head quickly. "Then go, or you'll fall asleep over your breakfast. I thought actors always stayed in bed for breakfast, or had it at twelve o'clock? By the way, your wife took it well."

"Did she?" McClean avoided his eye. "I'm afraid she was upset. It was harder for her than for any of us. She had to face all the lies people told her."

"H'm! I suppose," Selwyn suggested, "it makes a jolly lot of difference having a wife to—make up to one after a beastly failure like this?"

"Oh, yes," agreed McClean gravely, "it makes a jolly lot of difference."

. . . . . .

A week later the play was going better; the Press had been less severe than had been anticipated, and one or two hints as to condensing and altering had been acted upon. The company, spurred by desperation, and headed by McClean—doggedly determined—did its utmost, with the satisfactory result that what had seemed on the first night an unqualified failure gradually grew into something well worth seeing. McClean, new to a leading part, surmounted his initial nervousness, and found his feet. London liked him; it liked his lean face and figure, his quiet voice and absence of mannerisms—above all, it appreciated his capacity for love-making, for London is at heart a confirmed Sentimentalist.

Marion McClean, after the opening night, went no more. In answer to Jim's tentative suggestion she said: "I don't care, my dear, to see my husband making a public fool of himself. Once is quite enough. Candidly, I think the sooner you give up the stage the better."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

McClean went off to the theatre without pursuing the subject. He found Selwyn waiting to see him. "Why don't you bring your wife?" he was asked almost at once. "The thing's worth seeing now."

McClean, submitting to the degradation of having his face smeared with grease-paint—a necessary evil that had so offended Mrs. McClean's fastidious taste on the one occasion she had paid a visit to his dressing-room that she had refused to come again—screwed his lips into a somewhat sour smile. When his mouth was free he said: "It'll have to be a good bit better before I let her come again."

Selwyn recognised this to be a most deliberate perversion of the truth, and liked him the better for it.

"I tell you what," he remarked, when, the performance over, they strolled out to have supper together; "if I were a chap's wife—yours most particularly—I should be uncommon sick with jealousy in that second act."

McClean was lighting a cigarette, and stopped to shield his match from the wind. "And I tell *you* what," he said as he walked on, "my wife doesn't care a solitary damn how ardently I make love to anyone on earth—so long as it's not to her."

Selwyn whistled softly. "My dear old chap, are you sure?"

"She leaves me precious little room for doubt," was the answer. The thing once acknowledged, the desire for concealment vanished, superseded by a desire for confession. It is sometimes harder to confess the sins of another than our own, and hitherto his loyalty to his wife, even with Selwyn, his friend, had been, to a large extent, a matter of personal pride. Now, however, his need of sympathy, his sense of ultimate hopelessness, over-rode his reticence. He told him of her words on that first night, and Selwyn swore below his breath.

In conclusion McClean laughed. "The ridiculous, the pitiful, humiliating part of the thing is that—I care for her so much!"

"Of course," nodded the other. "Those are the women we love. And those are the women who send us to the devil."

"I shan't go there," said McClean; "I've got a little private hell of my own at home."

After supper Selwyn returned to the charge. "Is one permitted to make a suggestion?"

"Dozens. But there's no guarantee of their being acted upon."

"Well, I'll begin with one. Has it occurred to you that it might be a most desirable thing to make your wife jealous? I know it sounds a very hackneyed suggestion, but it happens to be in your power to do it so particularly gracefully."

"How?" queried McClean shortly.

"It's only my idea, of course," pursued Selwyn modestly, "but—if you remember—that second act didn't go—well, quite so swimmingly the first night as it does now. Now I venture to say it's the most convincingly human love scene that's been seen on the stage for a long time. But your wife hasn't seen it in that light exactly."

"Small blame to her," defended McClean grimly. "That night it was unconvincing, inhuman rubbish. She merely saw her husband 'making a fool of himself.' Quite rightly she decided once was enough."

"Quite wrongly," asserted Selwyn quickly. "And she's missing a lot she knows nothing about. Look here, Jim, I'll have a bet with you!—well, no, I suppose that wouldn't be in the best of taste considering the circumstances! Anyhow, I am sure that if your wife came to see the play again she'll—well, she'll jolly well wish she were in Miss Le Strange's shoes!"

McClean flushed, and laughed half-shyly. "It's a pretty notion, I admit," he said. "But it's too pretty to be practicable. You don't know Marion. She said nothing about that particular scene—perhaps to spare my feelings—but I've heard her views on similar scenes. The display of affection in any form seems to her like a red rag to a bull. 'It makes her sick, and it gets on her nerves, and makes her ashamed to be a woman,' and God knows what. You can't reach Marion that way—or in any other that I can find."

"I believe you're wrong," said Selwyn, "all the same. I believe that *is* the way. Let her be ashamed of her sex to her heart's content. The fact remains that she's one of 'em, and there's a fundamental similarity between them all—thank God!—there's no getting away from. Jim, old chap, have a try at it. It won't do any harm, surely?"

"N-no," agreed McClean doubtfully, "I can't see that it would—so far. But there's one stumbling block you don't seem to have reckoned with. That is, persuading Marion to go to the theatre at all."

"Oh, ah! Yes, that's a difficulty. But it's got to be surmounted. It's easy enough to start with, anyway. You've just got to say, 'Look here, Marion, I wish you to come to the theatre to-night.' That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Delightfully," smiled McClean. "It is equally simple for Marion to say, 'My dear Jim, I haven't the faintest intention of doing such a thing.'"

Selwyn looked crestfallen. "Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "I'm afraid the settling of matrimonial difficulties isn't in my line. I ought to learn the business itself first. However, doesn't a husband ever exert his authority?"

"He doesn't. Not if he values his peace of mind."

"Well, there's your chance. You haven't any peace of mind to value—on your own showing—so you may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. Exert your authority, and see what happens."

"It's a form of experiment that doesn't particularly appeal to me. I loathe a 'row' or a 'scene' more than anything on earth, and if I take your advice I let myself in for either or both."

"Well, hang it all, man, is it worth the risk or not?" said Selwyn impatiently. "Of course, if you put your personal comfort first——"

"I don't," said the other hastily. "I'm an ass, and—I'll try it, Frank. I've little enough to lose and—a good bit to gain if there's anything in your absurd idea. Now I'm going home."

At lunch the next day McClean—panic-stricken at heart, shrinking from the hurt of refusal—said, "Marion, will you come to the theatre to-night?"

"I'm so sorry, dear," said she politely, "but I have an engagement."

Jim hesitated. "May I ask what it is?"

She glanced at him in surprise. "Of course. I'm going to hear Pachmann with the Heriots."

(*Continued on page 656*)

A Notable Indian Princess

Photo *Bourne and Shepherd*

H.H. THE MAHARANEE OF BURDWAN

Of whom the above is the first published portrait, shares the ardent loyalism of her husband. The latter has toured through Europe, and visited the British Isles in 1905, when he was received by the King. Burdwan is the wealthiest and most important of the great Bengal zamindaris

(*Continued from page 654*)

"I see. I hope you'll enjoy it," said Jim, and applied himself to his lunch. "Frank and I didn't allow for engagements," he remarked inwardly.

But the following day he made another effort. "Are you going out this evening?"

She hesitated. "I'm not sure. Why?"

"I want you to come to the theatre."

"Oh! Well, I don't think I will, if you don't mind. I shall have a very tiring afternoon."

Still reluctant to force matters, McClean excused himself for his lack of insistence by saying, "I can't make her go if she's tired out."

But the next day, recognising his cowardice, he said, gravely, remembering Selwyn, "Look here, Marion, I wish you to come to the theatre to-night."

He could have laughed when she glanced across the table and answered, "My dear Jim, I haven't the least intention of going."

"This is where I exert my authority," he reminded himself. "Marion, I wish you to go."

She stared at him. "I'm sorry," she remarked, coldly, "but I do *not* wish to."

He no longer felt like laughing.

"I ask you to go," he said quietly.

Again, "I'm sorry," said she, "but I'm really afraid I must refuse."

McClean finished his lunch, and pushed back his chair. "I don't know," he then said, with a calmness only external, "whether you have any engagement to-night, but I should like you to understand that, in any case, I shall expect you to go to the theatre. My box is at your disposal, and you can ask anybody you like to go with you."

Marion turned first red, then white. "Are you mad?" she asked. "I've told you I don't intend to go."

"And I've told you," said he, lighting his pipe, "that you are to go."

She rose slowly to her feet, and stood playing with the stopper of the decanter on the table. "Am I to understand," she asked quietly, "that you are using your—authority?"

His lips twitched humorously—sadly. "That is just what you are to understand."

After a silence he added, more gently, "I'm sorry, dear, to seem tiresome and unreasonable—as, no doubt, I must seem to you—but I *have* my reasons."

He spent the afternoon miserably at his club, remembering the indignation in her eyes, torturing himself with wondering if she would obey or not. If not, he gave in. He could not expose himself to the humiliation of disregarded authority a second time.

On his entrance in the first act that night he glanced upwards, and caught a glimpse in the shadow of his box of gleaming golden-brown hair and a white, proud face. So far he had won.

He sent a message at the end of the act. "Isn't it better than when you saw it last?"

She scrumpled it up, saying, "There's no answer," but, on second thoughts, sent one. "There's an obvious rejoinder to that."

Selwyn was with Jim when it came, and the slip of paper was handed to him without comment. He laughed slightly. "I'll go up and see her," he said.

"You'll probably be snubbed."

Selwyn shook his head sagaciously, and went up to Mrs. McClean's box.

She was pleasant enough to him, but seemed to avoid meeting his eye. Selwyn wondered at this, as she could know nothing of his share in her temporary subjection, but contriving to make her look at him for a moment he was suddenly and triumphantly conscious of the fact that her eyes were suspiciously bright.

"That's the first act!" he told himself delightedly. "By Jove! how will she take the second?"

He said nothing of his discovery to McClean, merely remarking that he thought her message was not a reflection on the play or his acting, but a mere outlet for ruffled feelings. In confirmation of this he added that he had already asked her to make one of a party for the following evening, and she had consented.

McClean was astounded, but refused to be hopeful. "She thinks to satisfy me by one or two visits," he said. "Then she won't come any more."

"Never mind why she's coming," advised Selwyn. "Console yourself with the fact that she is coming."

McClean sighed despondently.

The play was a delicate comedy of sentiment. In the second act McClean, who played the part of a widower, re-meets his first love, from whom he had been separated through a hideous misunderstanding, and pleads his cause in eloquent language. The woman is hard to win. Her replies reveal the bitterness of her heart. But the lover is diplomatic. He subtly flatters, woos indirectly, bends her will slowly and surely. Once he touches her—and just at the right psychological moment. She shivers and bursts into tears. The lover's voice is no longer soft. It is strong and earnest and manly. The relative positions of pleader and judge are changed. The woman sobs and sobs. The man flogs himself with verbal scourges. Presently the woman listens. She quivers under his self-denunciation. Suddenly she is on her feet, stopping his mouth. All thought of revenge has gone. "I—I am unworthy." Their eyes meet. Those of the woman fall first.

Again the note of great pity, true sympathy. In his arms she sobs out a story—her little, little story. His face is temporarily stern. She recoils from him hopelessly. He follows her. In his eyes she sees condonement. A dry whisper of wondering joy, and the man strains her to his heart.

Terrific applause followed the fall of the curtain, renewed again and again. McClean led his leading lady to the footlights. Once he glanced up into his wife's box. She was not to be seen.

McClean returned to his dressing-room to change for the last act. Hardly had he closed the door behind him when it re-opened to admit his wife.

"Marion!"

"Jim! Oh, you wonderful, brilliant Jim!" Tears in her eyes, laughter on her lips.

"What is it, dear?"

"Jim, I—oh, forgive me, forgive me!" She threw herself in his arms, and then sank humbly and joyfully to his feet. Quickly he raised her, and again and again kissed her wet face.

"I'm a bad actress," she whispered. "I didn't mean to show you what I felt so soon. But now I'm so glad, so glad. Say you forgive me, dear."

"What is there to forgive, darling?"

"My foolish, horrid pride, Jim. And now—and now I think you've made me prouder than ever."

MARGARET LARMINIE.

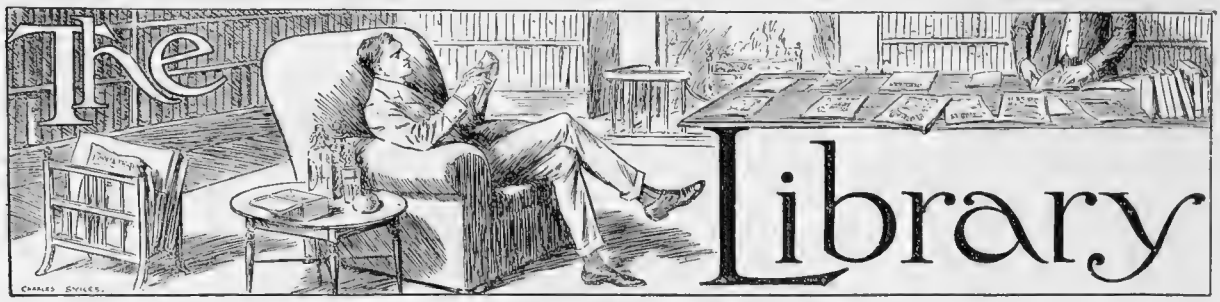
The Gate That Richard Never Stormed

THE EASTERN ENTRANCE TO THE HOLY CITY

Photo *Keystone View Company*

THE GATE OF ST. STEPHEN (FROM OUTSIDE), JERUSALEM, PALESTINE

Since the walling-up of the Golden Gate this has been the only gate on the eastern side of the City walls. It is called after the first Christian martyr, who is said to have been stoned to death at this spot. Its Arabic name is Bab Sitti Maryam, or Gate of Our Lady Mary, because the road leads to the tomb of the Mother of God. It was in sight of this gate that Richard the Lion-heart invited his twenty councillors to choose between the capture of Jerusalem and Cairo. They chose the latter, much to Richard's disgust, and the main object of the Crusade was never achieved



New Magazines

It is unusual to extend to a new periodical any of that severity of criticism which is the lot of the mere novel. The correct course is to offer the welcoming hand, and to be either discreetly silent or blandly ambiguous on the question of its demerits. For, as all who know admit, the first number of the finest paper on earth is always full of these, unless, of course, it be that of a non-illustrated magazine. The reason is that, in the latter case, the producer's path is easier. In order to start his publication well, he says something forcibly condemnatory as to "the expense." He communicates with every writer of note, inviting a contribution at their established price. These received, he marks MSS. in the order of publication, sends to printer, corrects proof, and leaves the rest to fate. The public, assured by elaborate advertisement of a prodigious sixpennyworth of fiction, buys by the hundred thousand, and No. 1 sells out. . . . Then comes No. 2. If the publisher's purse is long, then this is scarcely inferior to No. 1 in the wealth of its names. But it is just sufficiently inferior for the public to notice. With No. 3 comes a decided inferiority, until, by the time we get to No. 6, the magazine is brought to the sad plight of having to face the public on such literary features as its editor may have evolved out of his own brain. One thing is fairly assured; the public neither expects nor wants a repetition *ad nauseam* of the glories of No. 1. Great writers tire, if too liberally put forward. One is always judging their work by their own standard, and is disappointed if it is, as it is only too often, at all short of it. Such disappointment is an unfortunate sentiment to provoke, and the publisher of the magazine is, generally, after the first six numbers, found busily bewailing the loss of those thousands he squandered on No. 1. Wise too late, he realises that had he only left the big names alone, and busied himself seeking for work of quality, irrespective of the eminence of its producer, he might have fared far better. Think of the prestige which attaches to the discoverer of the new and revolutionary talent! Looking back o'er the histories of those magazines which have survived the rough and tumble of the years, I associate each one of them with some one such discovery. I may not love them so much now but I have a reminiscence of deep debt to the editors who first perceived and honoured the virtues of my latter-day idols. Every famous magazine has made such discoveries, and the public, which is grateful ever for the new sensation, has shown its gratitude in an eternity of sixpences.

A Caricature which has Convulsed Berlin

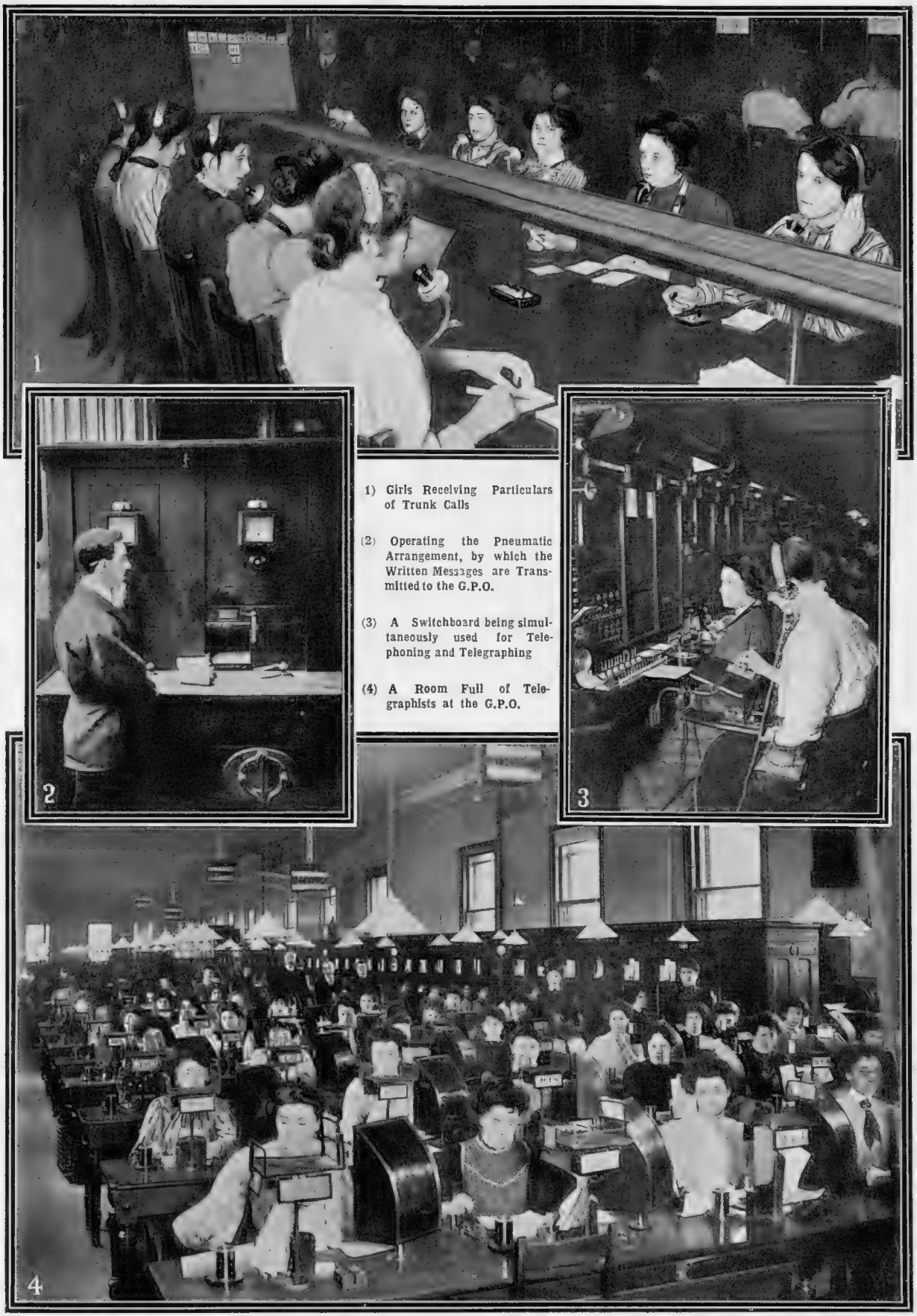
Richard Strauss, the composer of *Salome*, holding his own head on a charger, doubtless by way of apology to his critics. The drawing is the work of one of Germany's best-known artists, Herr Oscar Garvens

The Young Turks

Mr. Charles Roden Buxton is the first to give us the story of *Turkey in Revolution* (Unwin). As the first account of the historic events of last July and after, this record of a prominent member of the Balkans Committee is deserving of all attention. The task was an ambitious one, indeed; for, at the time of writing, Mr. Buxton no doubt felt some difficulty in knowing whether that of which he wrote was destined to permanence or to immediate destruction. Nobody but a prophet could be quite sure how long the Young Turkey would be allowed by the Sultan within, and the Emperors without, to remain in his roost. However, by now, it looks as though he has come to stay; therefore is Mr. Buxton to be congratulated on his promptitude in publishing his impressions, which give, in brief, an interesting account of the events which led to the Revolution, also some impressions of his own, made during the recent visit of the Committee to Constantinople, when they were received by the Sultan. The survey of the Young Turk Policy is of interest in view of the ever-present crisis.

May They Never Strike!

LONDON'S TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE OPERATORS AT WORK



1) Girls Receiving Particulars of Trunk Calls

(2) Operating the Pneumatic Arrangement, by which the Written Messages are Transmitted to the G.P.O.

(3) A Switchboard being simultaneously used for Telephoning and Telegraphing

(4) A Room Full of Telegraphists at the G.P.O.

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

The Paris strike and its appalling results make one shudder to think what would happen if the London departments and services, sections of whose work are depicted above, were to take it into their heads that Mr. Sydney Buxton was—well, no better than M. Simyan. The top picture shows the girls taking a note of the telephone trunk calls, the figures on the blackboard indicating the probable delay on each line. The operator in No. 2 is working the arrangement by which the public's written messages from Central London offices are transmitted by pneumatic tubes to the G.P.O., where they are "tapped" off by the girl operators, as seen in the bottom photograph. While a subscriber is using a trunk line, the same wire can be used to convey telegraphic information respecting the next call—neither operation interfering with the other—vide No. 3

A Romance of Romances

Bernard Capes's newest book, *The Love Story of St. Bel* (Methuen: 6*s.*), is, perhaps, the best piece of work he has achieved. Those who are fortunate enough to be acquainted with his former writings will readily understand that this constitutes the greatest possible praise. I do not hesitate to place Mr. Bernard Capes in the same category as Maurice Hewlett and Stanley Weyman. He is one of the very best romantic writers of the day. *The Love Story of St. Bel* is a romance of romances. Not for one moment does the interest flag; the story is told with the most fascinating skill. As we peruse Chapter I., and are introduced to Rosamunda, we instinctively feel that we are in for real enjoyment, and settle ourselves comfortably to finish the book at a reading. And so we follow Rosamunda's fortunes with breathless excitement. To bring peace to her harassed country, her aunt promises her in marriage to St. Bel, the much-feared head of a rival State. It is arranged that St. Bel's brother, Marco, shall meet and escort her to her future lord. Rosamunda promptly falls in love with her escort. Marco, after declaring his love for her, suddenly disappears, and she is seized and carried off by force to Belcarro, St. Bel's home. Here she is horrified to discover the latter to be—well, that I must not say in "review," except to add that, after much adventure, the book comes to a happy conclusion in the least expected way. It is a delightful story, and one heartily to be recommended to all.

A Pretty Story

From bank clerk to Voyce of the Abbey was the enviable jump in the fortunes of Julian Osborne, the hero in *Only April*, by Gurner Gillman (Greening and Co.: 6*s.*). Why the dying Voyce chose his nephew Julian, whom he had never seen, to be his heir, what the tremendous obstacle was that stood in the path of marriage between Julian and April, his uncle's pretty daughter, and how this obstacle was finally surmounted, together with endless other intricacies, must be solved by the reader himself. The story is a pretty enough one. It is essentially readable, though we find ourselves, we must confess, frequently disappointed in the drawing of Julian's character, which, at times, falls very far short of the heroic.

A Novel Told in Letters

Described as a novel, *Someone Pays*, by Noel Barwell (John Lane: 6*s.*), is told throughout in a series of letters. To those who like to read a novel in this form, *Someone Pays* will, no doubt, appeal. The chief characters in the book—that is to say, those who write the most letters—are Sir Bernard and Lady Orr and their son Jack, a lazy scamp; the Rev. A. H. Kershaw, a hypocritical and anything but reputable clergyman, under whose tutorship Jack has been placed; and one Emily Stork, in the service of the afore-mentioned *reverend* one. The letters that pass between Emily and her family, describing the doings and bickerings at the vicarage, make quite amusing reading.

A Sad Story

A pleasing little tragedy of home life is *God's Good Woman*, by Eleanor Terry (John Long: 6*s.*). The story is one of a scheming, selfish mother; of a girl who loves the younger and the poorer of two brothers, a love her mother does her level best to kill; of the younger man's tragic death while resisting the amorous advances of a pretty married woman; and of the heroine's ultimate loveless marriage with the elder brother, who is more to be respected for his honest kind-heartedness than loved for his looks. Though much of the theme strikes us as familiar, it is an old story told in a new way, and with much pensive charm.

A View of Vernet-les-Bains, an Ideal Health Resort

Described as the "Paradise of the Pyrenees," Vernet-les-Bains is a most delightful winter resort. Its hot sulphur springs are, of course, the feature of the place, but there is always plenty for the ordinary individual, not in need of sulphur baths, to do in the way of tennis, fishing, shooting, and musicales

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

THE COMING YACHTING SEASON: "WHITE HEATHER" UNDER WEIGH

Owing to the withdrawal of Sir James Pender's "Brynhild" and Mr. Robert Young's "Nyria," the racing in the twenty-three metre class this season will consist of a series of duels between Mr. Myles Kennedy's "White Heather" and Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock," who were very evenly matched last year, "Shamrock," the newer boat, proving slightly the better on the general run of the racing. In the above illustration "White Heather" is in the foreground

On Tour in Egypt: The M.C.C. and All-Egypt Teams at Gezireh, Cairo

Photo *Lekegian, Cairo*

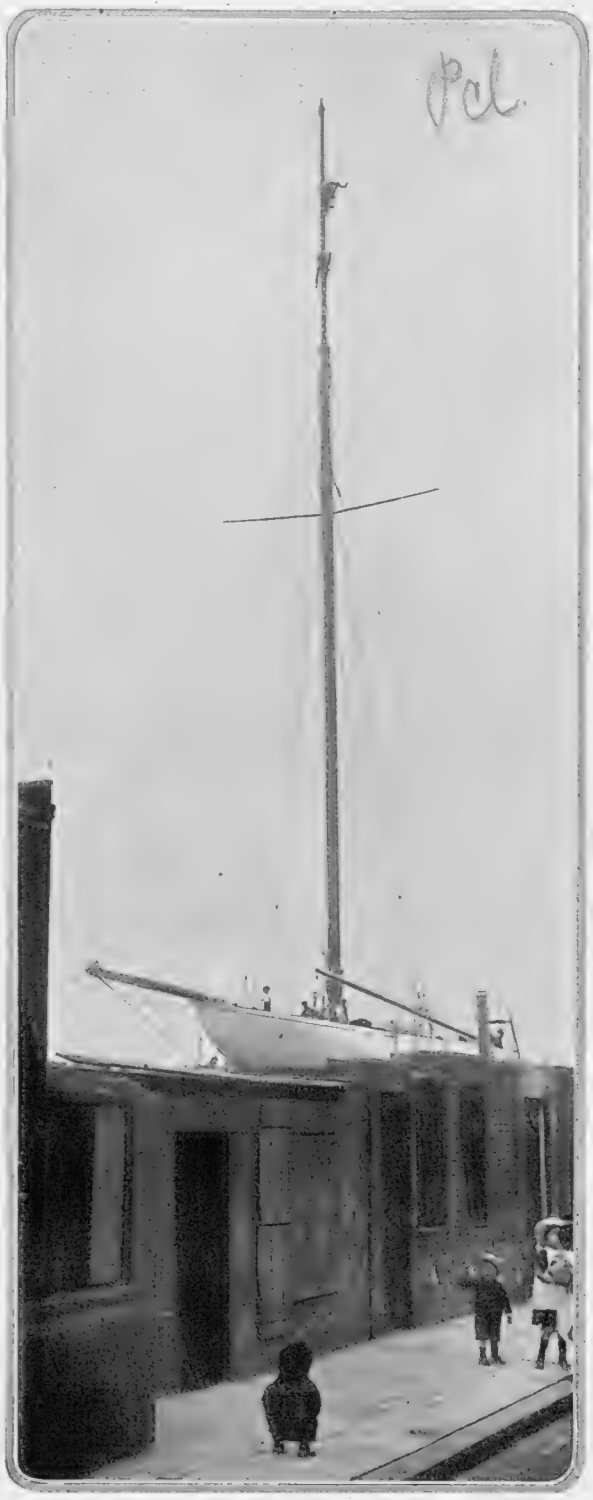
BACK ROW (*left to right*): C. P. Wyatt (Egypt), Capt. E. G. Wynyard (M.C.C.), A. V. Drummond (M.C.C.), G. T. Branston (M.C.C.), Lord Brackley (M.C.C.), R. M. Bell (M.C.C.), Capt. A. C. G. Luther (M.C.C.)
SECOND ROW: T. Wright (Egypt), Col. Moorhouse, D.S.O. (M.C.C.), A. Mustard (Egypt), C. H. M. Ebden (M.C.C.), B. P. Dobson (M.C.C.), K. L. Gibson (M.C.C.), Rev. T. Burrough (Egypt), G. McLaren (Egypt)
THIRD ROW: H. B. Cavor (Egypt) (sitting), G. Scott-Dalgleish (Egypt), Capt. R. H. Coake (Egypt) (in middle), E. J. Metcalfe (M.C.C.), Major L. O. F. Stack (Egypt)
FRONT ROW: Capt. J. A. Davenport (Egypt), Major T. Liddell (Captain All-Egypt), G. H. Simpson-Hayward (Captain M.C.C.)

The tourists have, so far, easily accounted for Port Said C.C., Military, Civilian, and Khedivial Sporting Club sides. In the All-Egypt match the M.C.C. made 158 and 135 to the local team's 109 and 140, the fortune of the game first veering to one side and then to the other. Simpson-Hayward, Branston, and Drummond have been most successful with the ball, and Luther, Wynyard, Branston, and Metcalfe with the bat

YACHTING

Prospects: A Reduced 23-Metre Class—

In the weather from which we have been suffering lately—so little suggestive of blue skies, dancing waters, and "white wings"—it has been hard to realise that in a little more than a month the yachting season will have begun, and that keen followers of the sport are already discussing its prospects. What are they? In the first place the news that the fleet of big cutters—the 23-metre class—is likely to be reduced from four to two, and that neither Sir James Pender's *Brynhild* nor Mr. Robert Young's *Nyria* is likely to be seen out this season, is disappointing. *Nyria* was the first boat built to, or, rather, in anticipation of, the new rating rule; 1906 was the year of her supremacy. Besides being a little smaller than the other boats, she has gradually been outbuilt, and last year the special allowance of 7min. per mile allotted to her by the Y.R.A. (in a class in which all competitors are supposed to start level) was not of any great avail to her, so that it is quite conceivable that Mr. Young does not relish the prospect of acting as whipper-in, with only an occasional prize here and there. *Brynhild*, however, comes in a different category. She was, to put it bluntly, a failure in her first year, 1907; but last year she was altered with such good results that, although not quite so speedy as her rivals in light airs, she could always take their measure in hard weather. Unless Sir James Pender changes his mind, or hands her over to someone else to race, the matches in the 23-metre class will resolve themselves into duels between Mr. Myles Kennedy's *White Heather* and Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock*, of which the latter proved slightly the faster last year, at any rate in the light type of weather that usually prevails in summer.



Out of Commission: The "Brynhild" in her "Bedroom"

Sir James Pender's fine cutter, *Brynhild*, in her winter quarters at Gosport. Universal regret is expressed in yachting circles at the news that she will not be raced this season. The picture above oddly suggests that *Brynhild's* "berth" is on the bedroom floor of a half-demolished house

—And a Boom in the 15-Metre Class

To make up for these defections from the big class, we find the 15-metre class—commonly and not unreasonably regarded as the most sporting class of the lot—considerably reinforced since last year. It will include Mr. W. P. Burton's *Ostara*, Mr. A. K. Stothert's *Mariska*, Mr. Almeric Paget's *Ma'oona*, two new boats designed by Fife (of which one will be owned jointly by Messrs. Hamilton Benn, Watson, and J. R. Payne, and the other by the Duke of Medinacelli), Mr. P. de Vilmorin's French boat, *Anemone II.*, another French-designed boat from Spain, the English *Shimna* (now the property of a Spanish nobleman), and, last but not least, the King of Spain's *Espana*. This means, when all go, a fleet of nine, the largest known for many years, with the additional fillip of International rivalry thrown in. Special interest will, of course, attach to the doings of *Espana*, and everyone will be anxious to see how she fares against the cracks of last season—*Shimna*, *Ma'oona*, and *Mariska*, all renowned not only for speed, but for the perfect manner in which they were handled. The fact that there are two other Spanish-owned boats in the class is due to the example and enterprise of King Alfonso, who is quite keen on promoting the rivalry between nations, for which the establishment of uniform classes all over the world by the International Yacht Racing Association has paved the way. Two regattas are to be held at San Sebastian during the season, one in July and the other and more important one, which is likely to attract several British entries, in August, immediately following Cowes week. Races for the 15-metre class will also be held at Bilbao and Santander.

GOLF. By Ernest Lehmann

Superiority of Professional to Amateur Player

I have been much interested in an article by J. H. Taylor in *Golf Illustrated* of the 19th inst. All those who have endeavoured to fathom the secret of the undoubted professional superiority should read the article. Taylor throws a new light on the subject by suggesting that the experience and training achieved by the professional during his caddie stage give him an insight into the intricacies of the game which is denied to the best amateur I have no doubt that Taylor is right in this view. But what is this but to say in other words that for the professional golf is a business, and for the amateur but a pastime. So we come back to the usual explanation. Taylor confirms this by instancing the different attitude of mind of the professional and amateur when either finds that he is right off his game. When this happens the amateur, as a rule, gives in, and recognises that he is off colour, and that it is no use for him to try to get back to his game. A day off makes no serious difference to him beyond the annoyance of losing his matches that day. But the professional dare not take this philosophical view ; he must set his teeth and pluck the "flower safety out of the nettle danger." His bread and butter depend ultimately on his recovering his form.

The Other Side of the Picture

We are so accustomed to look at the professional as if he were just an accurate machine for producing faultless shots that we are apt to lose sight of the other side of the picture. The professional is just an ordinary human being, and is bound to go through the same ups and downs as attend the ordinary player. Taylor has given us some brilliant examples of what he means by conquering bad or indifferent play by sheer force of will. When the Championship was last played at Muirfield I remember leaving Taylor at the eighth hole of one of his rounds. His play had been so poor that it was absolutely painful to me to continue watching him. A little later rumour spread that Taylor had made a marvellous recovery and done a succession of holes from the tenth onward in a phenomenally small score. Now, under these circumstances, what would the amateur have done ? He would have probably torn up his card and played the rest of the round for the mere fun of the thing. But for Taylor greater issues were involved, so he set his teeth, got in a long putt, and stamped on the jade fortune who was trying to trip him up. It only shows what an enormous influence the mind exerts over our mere physical powers.

Kent v. Herts Inter-County Golf at Barnehurst

In this match, played on the 21st inst., Kent were victorious by four matches to three. Mrs. Meyer (Herts) is here seen driving from the first tee

Front Rank Amateurs

There are, of course, amateurs, such as Mr. Ball, Mr. Laidlay, and Mr. J. Graham, who have acquired this atmosphere by constant play in the front rank from early boyhood till the present day. That accounts for their pre-eminent success in the game. If their livelihood depended on the result of their play, who will doubt that they would have challenged the leading professionals more constantly and more successfully than they have done as matters stand. Then, too, we must not lose sight of the fact that the professionals who come to the front are the result of a strenuous working of the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest.

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HUNTING. By A.W.C.

Features of the Season

If it had not been for the spell of bad weather experienced at various stages, the passing hunting season would be one pleasantly to be remembered. As it is, I am rather afraid that it has not soared above the average in point of excellence; in many countries, indeed, they are complaining of a poor season. Scenting conditions have not been good on the whole, and hounds have only occasionally been able to press their foxes with the necessary venom. Consequently, the season has not been noteworthy for many long points. There have been many resignations of Masterships, and in certain countries a lamentable amount of acrimony has been displayed in controversies between Masters and subscribers. Fortunately, these are only local troubles, and cannot fairly be taken as imperilling the general prosperity of foxhunting. When we consider the enormous difficulties of the sport to-day, caused more or less by the advance of shooting interests, the decline of agriculture, the spread of bricks and mortar, and the enormous increase in the size of fields, the wonder is that foxhunting is so successful as it really is.

The Condition of Foxhunting

Sometimes we are told that the sport is going down, but actually things are not half so bad as they are painted. If foxhunting, as a sport, were played out, the first symptom would be the falling off in the number of packs. Do we find this? By no means. On the contrary, there is not a single country, so far as I am aware, that has been hunted over by foxhounds this season which will not be continued next year. True, there are a few Masterships still vacant, notably, the Croome, East Essex, East Sussex, the Four Burrow, and the Tickham in England, and the East Galway and the West Carbery in Ireland. But these are likely to be filled before long, and from whatever standpoint we view the condition of foxhunting it must be admitted that very little is radically wrong. The sport has flourished for at least two centuries, in spite of increasing handicaps, and it is likely to go on for at least a century more. Even the promised delights of aeroplaning, when flying machines shall become as easy to manage as automobiles, will not eclipse the fascination of riding across country on a good bold hunter in the wake of a smart pack of foxhounds.

A New M.F.H.

Among the new Masters of hounds is Mr. Sydney A. Fane, who hitherto has devoted himself to harriers, but has now accepted the command of the South Oxfordshire country in succession to Mr. W. H. Barber, and taken upon himself the additional task of hunting the pack himself. To the really keen fox-hunter, the man who can study the scientific side of the chase and take a deep interest in his hounds and their breeding, Mastership loses half its attractiveness unless he can handle hounds himself. There are a number of countries where an amateur huntsman would be useless unless he happened to be a heaven-born genius, and in these cases Hunt Committees usually make it—and wisely too—a *sine quâ non* that their Master shall employ professional huntsmen. The new M.F.H. is a brother to Mr. F. L. Fane, the Essex county cricketer, and is a keen all-round sportsman.

Hunting from Town with the Enfield Chace Staghounds

This pack is a popular one with business men, who find it possible to have an afternoon with the staghounds after a morning in the City. The pack is under the Mastership of Mr. D. D. Bulger, a keen sporting Irishman and member of the Stock Exchange. Our photograph was taken at the meet at Sixteenth Milestone, Great North Road, last week

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T.H.H.

A Successful Anglo-American Combination

F. B. Alexander and M. J. G. Ritchie, winners of the Doubles at Nice. In the Davis Cup competition last autumn Alexander represented America and Ritchie England. Alexander, who has been carrying all before him on the Riviera, affects a decidedly "short" grip of the racket, as our illustration well indicates

ROWING

Time and Tide

Until Oxford did their record time-trial last week, the Boat Race was looked upon as a foregone conclusion for Cambridge; but in the face of such a startling performance, it cannot any longer be so regarded. I have always, as my readers are aware, opposed the drawing of too many deductions from fast or slow times over the Putney to Mortlake course, since everything depends on wind and tide. Many a first-class University crew has failed to get over the course in less than twenty minutes—a minute and a half slower than the new record. But on the other hand, Oxford partisans may comfort themselves with the reflection that the makers of the previous best (18 min. 47 sec.), namely, Oxford in 1893, and Cambridge in 1900, were probably the two best crews of the last twenty years. And, however favourable the conditions, I have never yet heard of a really bad crew—as Oxford at one time appeared to be—doing a really good time.

Tactics

It is not unimportant to observe that the records of 1893 and 1900 were done in the race itself, and I am inclined to think that Oxford's time last week is not quite so good as it sounds, because it was made in practice. In a trial course, the first mile is almost always rowed at a comparatively slow stroke, with the result that if the crew are fairly fit they have more left in them for the remainder of the journey. This is what happened the other day (with an untrained man in the boat, too), and if the only object of the race were the achievement of a fast time, I believe that these would always be the right tactics. But the race itself is usually a sprint for Hammersmith Bridge and a crawl home from that point, because the inside station from Harrods' to Chiswick is worth from two to four lengths, according to the weather, an advantage which no one can afford to forego. We are practically certain to see a repetition of these cutting-down tactics on Saturday, with some risk that one, if not both, of the strokes will knock the heavy men behind him to pieces in the first mile. It will be a great triumph for Magdalen if Oxford win, for, including the cox, there are six Magdalen men in the Oxford boat. But, for myself, I fancy Cambridge, especially if there is any rough weather about.

LAWN TENNIS

Riviera Notes

Although he has not played in Singles since his defeat by F. B. Alexander at Monte Carlo, H. L. Doherty has been showing something like his true form in partnership with Countess Schulenburg, who has likewise been quite at her best. Both at Nice and at the Beau Site Tournament at Cannes this pair proved invincible, and, besides beating M. J. G. Ritchie and Miss Greene, doubly avenged their Monte Carlo defeat by Wallis Myers and Miss Tripp. Alexander has also been playing well, particularly in Singles, but although he and Ritchie won the Doubles at Nice, they did not give the impression of being a very strong combination.

SPORTSMAN'S DIARY FOR 1909

"*The Sketch*," *January 13, 1909, says*:—

"This small waistcoat-pocket diary should be in the possession of every sportsman. It is bound in Royal Red leather, has a patent fastener, amongst the most adroit of its kind, the leaves are gilt-edged, and a natty little nickel-plated pencil is cunningly lodged within the book, while for beauty and neatness it is impossible to believe that it has its equal. In addition to the daily diary, it contains a lot of useful information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeplechase Meetings for 1909, lengths of Newmarket Courses, comparative tables of English and Foreign weights and distances, also the colours of the most prominent French owners with the English equivalent. This is to enable Englishmen who go racing in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent to distinguish the horses. It also has Mr. Gant's terms of business, while it can safely be said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and liberality in every way to clients, as "No Limit," "No Commission," "No Deductions," are three of their features. Another of Mr. Gant's business methods is that all cheques in payment of Clients' winnings are signed in an assumed name, so that the nature of the business does not transpire when Mr. Gant's cheques are paid away. It is sent free to all existing and prospective clients upon written application to Mr. D. M. Gant, Member of Tattersalls', 25, Conduit Street, London, W."

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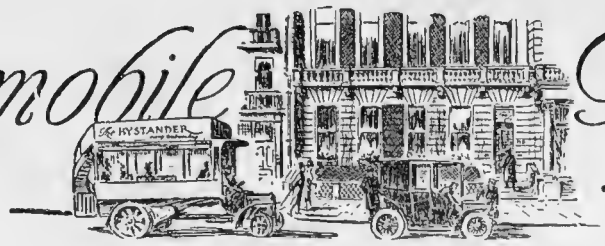
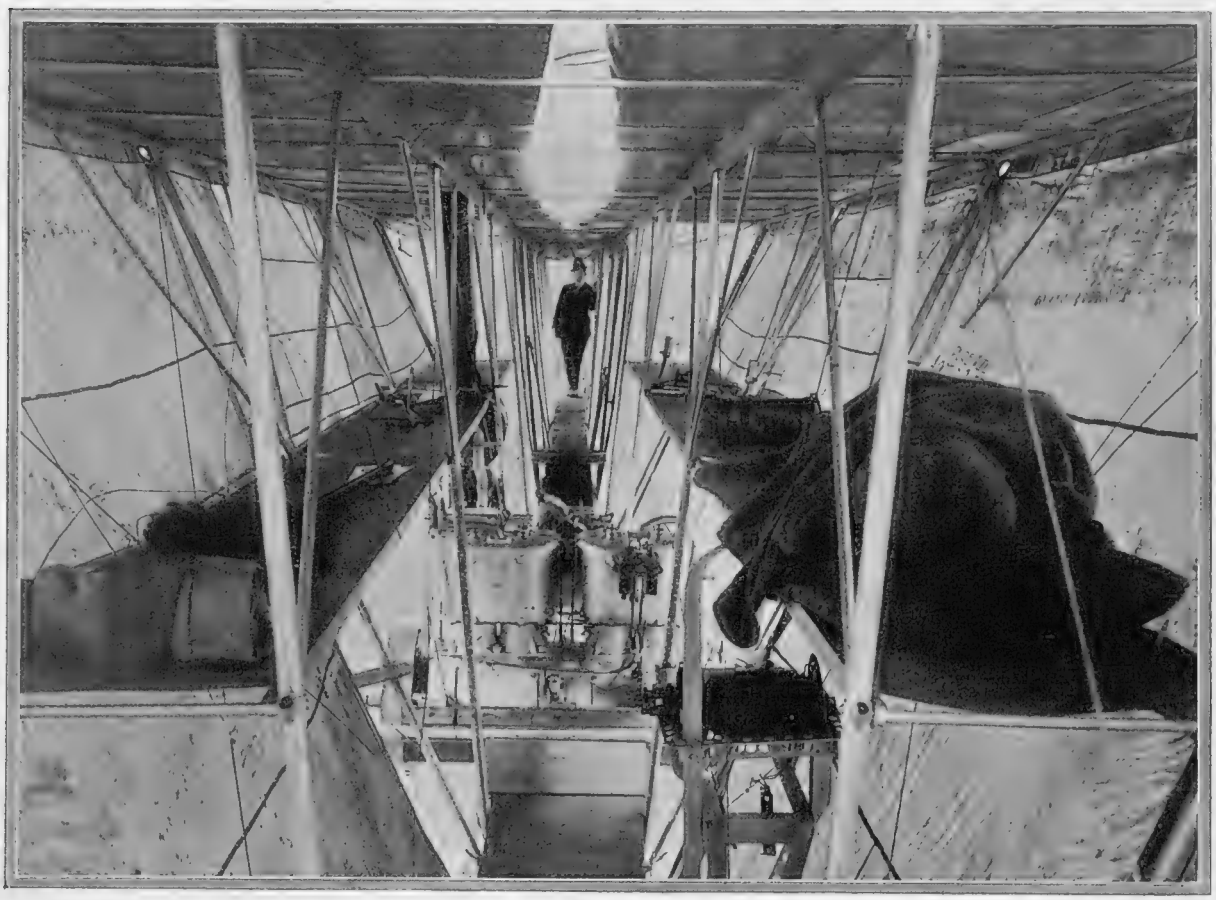
Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Automobilisation—A Suggestion

Deservedly the Automobile Association has of late come in for some very high encomiums from all quarters, and I for one am always pleased to add my quota in recognition of good work intelligently conceived and skilfully and thoroughly carried out. I referred in THE BYSTANDER last week to the remarkable feat accomplished by the A.A. in transporting 1,000 officers and men of H.M. Guards, with full fighting impedimenta, from London to Hastings and back in a single day, and it was not surprising to note that on the occasion of the fourth Annual Dinner of the A.A., over which Col. W. J. Bosworth presided, last Wednesday, at the Hotel Cecil, the subject should form one of the chief topics of conversation. Colonel Bosworth was in the happy position of being able to announce official appreciation of the A.A.'s efforts in a message from Mr. Haldane, H.M. War Minister, which ran, "I am sorry to miss this opportunity of thanking the members personally for the experiment of last Wednesday. This has caused them much trouble and expense to carry out, but it was well worth doing in the national interest. The public spirit and enterprise displayed towards the Army and military problems is very welcome and encouraging, and the thanks of the public are due to them for all they have done." These expressions of commendation will be endorsed by the whole motoring community. Col. Arthur Du Cros, M.P., Col. Bosworth, Mr. Stenson Cooke, and the executive have done a great work, and have done it to the admiration of all beholders, and it is for this reason that I tender a little suggestion which I think may, if adopted, help to perpetuate the advantages gained. In brief, it is that, at the headquarters of the A.A., and at its provincial branches, a register be kept of all car-owners, with full particulars of their vehicles, drivers' names and addresses, and, as far as possible, the whereabouts of cars and drivers from week to week, the said register to comprise only the names of those who are ready and willing to place their services at the disposal of the Government at a moment's notice in case of emergency. Such a register, organised as only the A.A. could do the work, would be of immense utility I am certain, and I have no doubt that the idea will speedily take practical shape. Meantime, it is



To the North Pole in Comfort?

Interior of the Wellman airship, shown at the Olympia Exhibition. This huge air-craft is intended for Polar Exploration, and has sleeping accommodation for half a dozen men, besides being intended to carry sledges, dogs, and other necessaries for arctic travel

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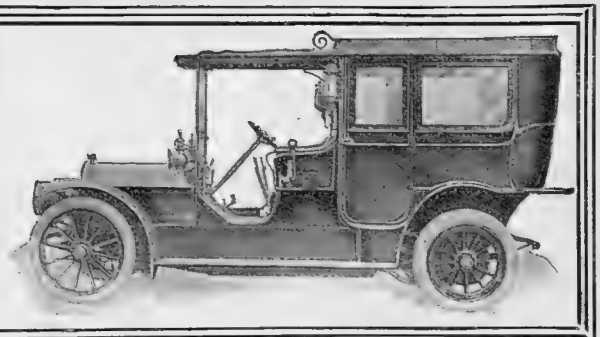

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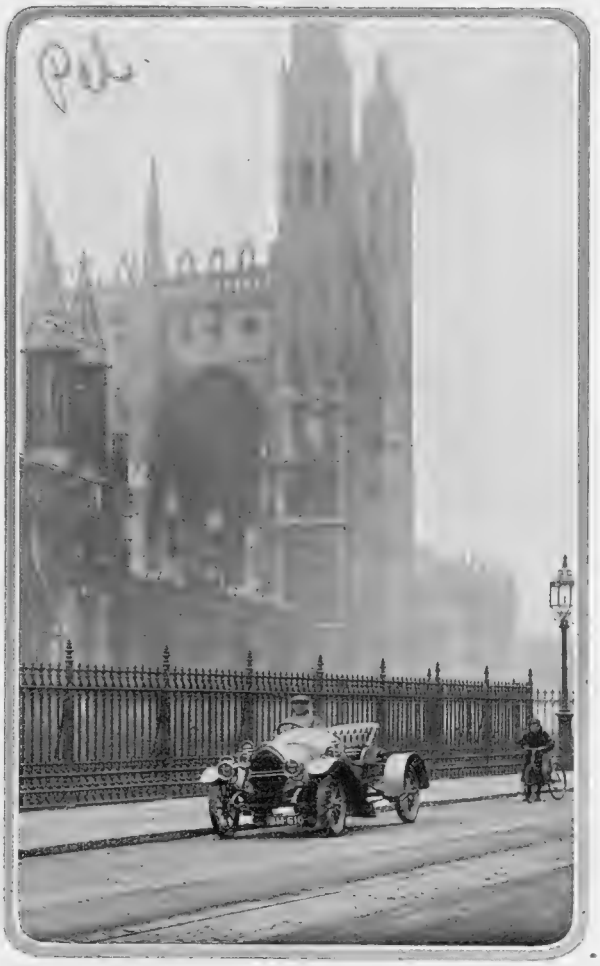
Taxation and Tact

One of our technical contemporaries, which boasts, for that class of journal, an unusually large circulation, has, I notice, been making something of what newspaper people term a splash on "Taxation of Petrol." Turning to the article, I find a mildly deprecatory protest, based on a rumour from an unnamed source, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may contemplate the proposal of such an imposition in his forthcoming Budget. The writer, at the outset, takes occasion to observe that he does not fancy that Mr. Lloyd George "has any intention whatever of including a tax on petrol in his new Budget," and then proceeds to give reasons for his belief that such a course "would inflict a very great injury upon the industry." Well, I am not very greatly excited over the matter at present, neither am I in the confidence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but there is such a thing as the sudden carrying out of a suggestion, happy or otherwise, and I am free to confess to a belief in the possibility that, should the headline in question have caught the eagle eye of the Member for Carnarvon, it might conceivably have turned his thoughts in the direction of automobilism as a source of increment to the national revenue. I have, of course, not a word to say against the article to which I refer, or to its able and versatile author, I merely suggest that all good purposes among motorists would have been served had a little less prominence been given to the matter at the present critical moment.



A 'Varsity Car in a 'Varsity Town
Latest photo of an Adams' Pedals to Push car, owned by an undergrad of King's College, Cambridge

Progress of Aviation

Great credit is due to the Council of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders for granting space free of charge to exhibitors at the first International Aeroplane Exhibition at Olympia. Following the interest displayed by King Edward in Mr. Wright's flights at Pau, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales visited Olympia on Thursday afternoon, and studied the various devices on view with close attention. An instructive commentary on the rapidity with which mechanical science moves in our times is afforded by the reflection of what Lieutenant Shackleton might have accomplished on his memorable Antarctic voyage had the *Nimrod* carried an aeroplane. It was, however, nearly two years ago that the gallant explorer left these shores, and aerial flight in the interim has made vast strides indeed. At Olympia it was interesting to see that many of our foremost motor engineering firms are already directing their efforts to the perfection of internal combustion engines for aero use. The Clement-Talbot, the Wolseley-Siddeley, the New Engine Companies, and Mr. Howard T. Wright are supported by a number of other prominent manufacturers, strength, lightness, and efficiency being the principal points of attack. It is, of course, of vital importance to have one's aeroplane fitted with a reliable motor, as the consequences of a sudden break-down in mid-air would be almost analogous to those which befall the bird on the wing when the unerring sportsman pulls left or right trigger with deadly precision and effect. For this, and for other reasons, it is highly satisfactory to see a disposition on the part of our foremost British motor experts to devote themselves to the new cult.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

Messrs. Armstrong-Whitworth and Co., who last week conducted successful tests on the new hill-climb at Brooklands, have received a somewhat remarkable letter from a client who has a car on order and took a friend out for a spin on the chassis. The passenger was so delighted with the performance of the engine that he offered a premium on the purchase price there and then. Messrs. Armstrong-Whitworth's correspondent, with true north-country caution, declined to close with the tempting offer until guaranteed delivery of a similar chassis in four weeks.

The Continental Tyre and Rubber Company have received a communication from the Royal Belgium Observatory at Uccle, stating that an experimental balloon, manufactured of Continental balloon material, reached an altitude of 95,222 ft. (over 18 miles). This height has never before been attained by any existing balloon, and is striking testimony to the high quality of Continental balloon fabrics.

The German Government airship, *Zeppelin No.* 1, has made a flight of 150 miles, carrying twenty-six passengers. Nothing is said as to whether or not the airship headed for the North Sea.

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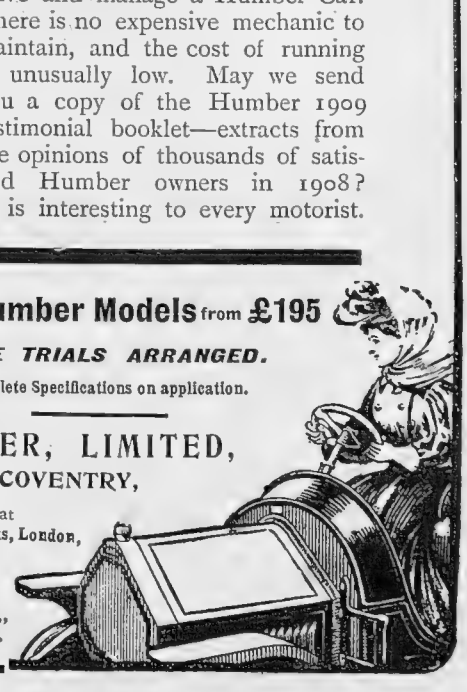

The Management of Lilies

There is no better position for lilies than a bed of rhododendrons. In the rich, deep, peaty soil they thrive as they rarely do elsewhere ; the partial shade is just what suits them, and the foliage of the evergreens checks evaporation and keeps the ground moister than would be possible if it were exposed to the sun's rays. Unfortunately, of late years lilies—notably L. candidum—have developed a fungoid disease, which has played havoc among them. If the attack is a bad one the bulbs should be taken up and burnt, and no others should be planted in the same bed for several years. If, however, it is slight, immersion for two or three minutes in a weak solution of sulphide of potassium (liver of sulphur) may be tried. Dusting them with powdered charcoal, though sometimes recommended, is less effectual, but it may, with advantage, be adopted as a precautionary in the case of all bulbs which have been recently purchased. They may all be divided broadly into two classes—those that root only at the base of the bulb, and those that root also at the base of the flowering stem. Obviously, the latter should be planted deeper than the former, in order that the upper set of roots may not be quite close to the surface, where they would be in danger of being dried up. The beautiful L. auratum belongs to the class that normally forms two sets. But when it is lifted in its native country, Japan, for exportation, both are cut off, and when it is planted on its arrival here the time is too short for it to produce any but the lower set, the result being that the bulb has, unaided, to feed the flowering stem, and in consequence dwindles away. Hence it is most difficult to acclimatise this handsome lily, unless home-grown bulbs—raised from seed in this country—can be procured. Of course, they cost very much more than imported bulbs.

Fine Greenhouse Plants

There are few finer greenhouse plants than clivias, or imantophyllums, as they were formerly called. There are several different species, but the difference between them is not great. They have thick, fleshy, strap-like, evergreen leaves, and large heads of yellow or orange flowers, borne mostly in spring or early summer. In winter they should be kept dry, though not dust-dry, and, being natives of the Cape, they are so nearly hardy that they are not likely to be injured even in a cold frame if it is covered with mats. At the present time, however, when they need more moisture, they do better in rather a higher temperature. As they flower with the greater certainty when confined in a small space, they are generally left undisturbed for years—often until the pots are burst asunder by the mass of fleshy roots inside ; but now that they are beginning to grow, they will be benefited by a top-dressing of rich soil. If that is impossible, they should be watered every three or four days with a weak solution of some artificial fertiliser. One of the advantages of clivias is that they are very rarely attacked by insects or fungoid diseases. If they are watered properly, and the leaves are kept clean, they will give very little trouble.

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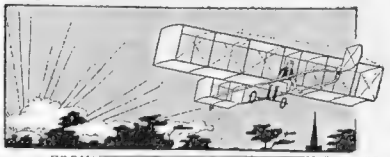

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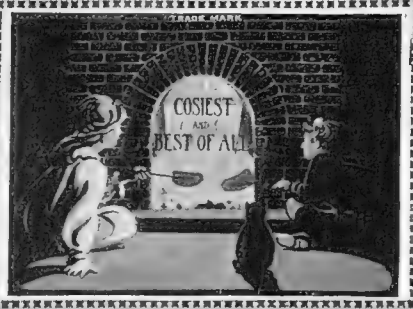

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Consumption of Fuel and production of smoke each one quarter less than the average of 36 competing grates.

Gives Universal and complete satisfaction.

TESTIMONIAL.

DEAR SIRS.—The "Devon" Fires you supplied to the residence at Cookham Dean under my superintendence have now been thoroughly tested. They are admirable in working, giving out a great heat and being economical in fuel, as the fires keep in a considerable time without re toking. Their attractive appearance is not the least of their recommendations. I am hoping to use more of these fires in the future.

Yours faithfully,
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Coffee—a Stimulant and a Food

Value of Coffee Pure coffee — such as that coming from San Paulo, the richest of the fertile States of Brazil—both regarded as a stimulating beverage and as a food when mixed with sugar and milk, is of inestimable value to the dwellers in our islands. The worth of pure coffee to human beings consists chiefly in its stimulating and invigorating effect, and in the assistance it gives to the digestion as compared with other beverages. The refreshing, restoring effect of pure coffee is due mainly to the presence in the roasted bean of an active principle called *caffeine*. Chemists have a process of extracting it, and the isolated caffeine has the appearance of shining white cotton, and contains in certain proportions carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen. Its action when taken in the form of coffee is that of a gentle and pleasant invigorator. A most interesting and instructive analysis of the various coffees commonly used to-day has been made by the United States commission upon coffee. The object has been to ascertain the relative proportions of this valuable principle in each class of coffee. It appears that of all the coffees on earth that of Brazil is the richest in caffeine. The pure Fazenda Coffee—the finest in the world—is produced in San Paulo, which is the region whence the bulk of the Brazilian coffee is obtained.

Embarking Coffee at Santos

As a Preventative Against many of the common ailments of life pure coffee is actually a preventative. Whenever coffee is consumed in generous proportions, gout and rheumatism do not prevail, and in many coffee-growing countries, where the beverage is used regularly by all classes, gout and its kindred maladies are unknown. The sun-tanned gringo, as he twangs his guitar, and sings a love song full of Latin pathos, in the little cafés of San Paulo, drinks Fazenda coffee all day and every day, and is a picture of health. When the London drayman, the Manchester spinner, the Birmingham forgeman, or the Hanley potter feels the national thirst upon him, he takes a generous pull of the national beverage. When the Brazileiro workman, employed, for instance, by the Fazenda Pure Coffee Company in San Paulo, feels the sun of the tropics too much for him, he slackens for a moment in his work and passes into the little sanded café, holds up his finger, and a tiny white Sèvres cup is placed before him brimful of the fragrant decoction.

Picking in the Picturesque Coffee Plantations of Brazil

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 278.—Vol. XXI. Wednesday, March 31, 1909 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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DELIGHTFUL OLD GROUNDS,

with wide-spreading lawns, walled kitchen garden, woods, etc.

IN ALL ABOUT 30 ACRES.

Additional land and shooting by arrangement.

The Estate of 200 acres would be SOLD.

—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

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BY ORDER OF MORTGAGEE.

UNDER HALF AN HOUR OF TOWN (most select part; high position).—A comfortably arranged Freehold RESIDENCE for SALE,

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MAGNIFICENT OLD ELMS AND POPLARS.

Terrace walk, tennis lawn, flower beds and borders, etc. A few minutes' walk of station with splendid service to Town.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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BEAUTIFUL SCOTTISH SCENERY.

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Station 10 minutes' walk. Rent moderate.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

£2,700 (OR OFFER) FOR QUICK SALE.

HERTS (under 30 miles of Town on main line).—Modern well-built HOUSE, with gardens of over 2 acres, in a

HIGH AND HEALTHY SITUATION,

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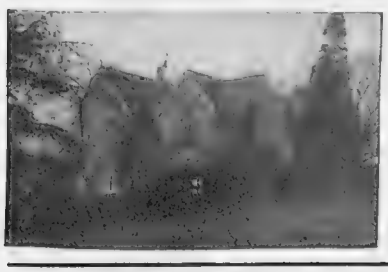

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HALF AN HOUR by motor from WEST END or City.—FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED, charmingly situated RESIDENCE, *with grand views over the surrounding country and private entrance to*

WOODS OF OVER 400 ACRES.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and 3 dressing rooms, bath, and usual offices. Stabling for 2, with 2 rooms for man. Very pretty gardens of 2 acres, with large lawn and shrubberies, 2 kitchen gardens, and

20 ACRES OF MEADOW-LAND

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3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall and offices.

STABLING FOR 4, 2 COTTAGES,

Small farmery. About 3 acres of

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A COMPACT RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 118 ACRES, AMIDST ABSOLUTELY RURAL SURROUNDINGS, QUITE REMOVED FROM MAIN ROADS.

The House stands high, with fine views, and contains: square hall, drawing room (37ft. by 26ft.), dining room (29ft. by 19ft.), library, billiard room (25ft. by 18ft.), 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; extensive stabling, coach-house, motor-house, and cottage.

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Beautiful pleasure grounds, with wide-spreading lawns and plantations, kitchen garden, orchards and vineries, etc.

ORNAMENTAL WATER AND STREAM, affording fair fishing, in parklike grounds, in all about 118 acres.

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will OFFER the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on May 12 next (unless previously disposed of).—Illustrated particulars (when ready) of JAMES ROBINSON, Esq., Solicitor, 23, Philpot Lane, E.C., or of the Auctioneers, 9, Conduit Street, W.

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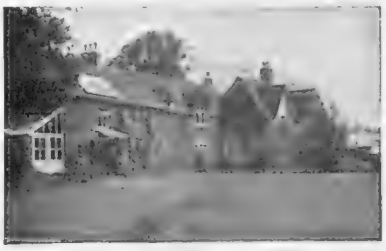
25 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO (1 mile from station).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above well-planned RESIDENCE, standing in delightful old grounds of 3 acres. Accommodation: lounge hall, billiard, drawing and dining rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall; the House is heated by hot-water pipes; stabling for 3, coach-house, harness room, and coachman's cottage; beautifully timbered grounds, large lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, shrubbery walks; gardener's cottage; close to golf links; gravel soil.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,159)



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£1,450 WILL PURCHASE the above old-fashioned stone-built HOUSE, with about 2 acres of grounds: 5 reception, 8 bedrooms, etc.; stabling for 2, and useful outbuildings; the gardens contain some fine ornamental trees and shrubs, large tennis court, and well-stocked flower and kitchen gardens; golf; hunting; more land can be purchased if desired.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,215)

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21 YEARS' LEASE TO BE ASSIGNED.

CAPITAL HUNTING-BOX, comprising the fine old TUDOR RESIDENCE, containing: 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc., in perfect order throughout; 8 loose boxes, more if required. Held at a low Rent.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (F 1,193)

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GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.

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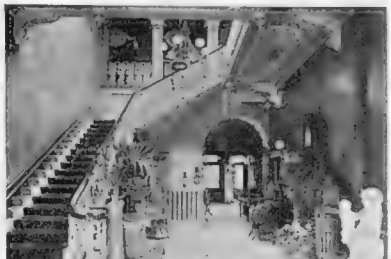

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The accommodation comprises: on the ground floor—entrance halls, dining room, drawing room, billiard room, morning room, lavatory, domestic offices, numerous cupboards, and fitted laundry; and on the first floor, which is approached by main and secondary stair-cases — 8 bedrooms and a dressing room, bathroom, 2 heated linen cupboards, etc.; gas and water laid on; hot-water system under floors; drainage perfect; conservatories and vineries entered from hall; fitted photographic room; the whole premises are in an excellent state of repair. The late owner expended £4,000 upon the grounds, which were laid out by the late Mr. Marnock, the designer of the Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park; every known variety of rhododendron is represented; well planted carriage drive.
SMALL ORNAMENTAL LAKE AND BOATHOUSE.
2 tennis lawns, paddock, plantation, very fine orchard, and well-stocked kitchen garden.
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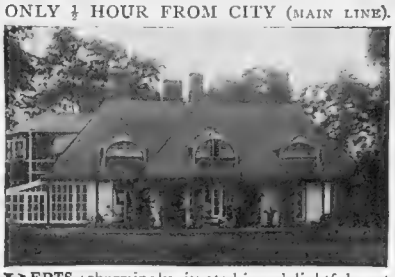

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13½ ACRES (IF REQUIRED).
Contains: 2 large reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); good stabling, and motor accommodation; beautiful grounds, including lawns, tennis court, duck pond, well-stocked kitchen garden, vinery, etc.; gas laid on.
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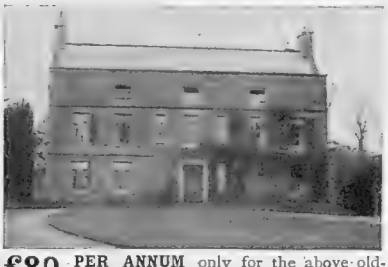

£80 PER ANNUM only for the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing high, with South aspect, and commanding extensive views. The House contains: large hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices, stabling for 6 horses, coach-house and coachman's cottage; grounds of about 6 acres, including tennis lawn.
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The House contains: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, handsome billiard room, and domestic offices; there are stables, conservatory, vineries, and farm-buildings.
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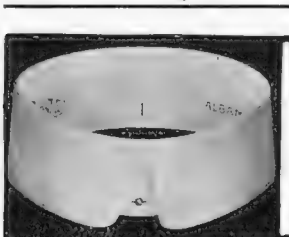

FOR THE OUTDOOR MAN. . .

Illustrated Price List of Latest Shapes on request.

The "ALBANY" Collar, 2, 2¼, 2½, 2¾ins. deep. *Postage 3d. extra.* **3/-** Half Doz.

DRESS SHIRTS, our Celebrated "Matchless" Quality, **5/11** each.
Old Shirts made good as new with Neckbands, Cuffs, and Fronts, at **14/-** per half dozen, returned dressed ready to wear.
LINEN MESH UNDERWEAR, durable, healthful, pleasant to wear. Samples free.
Gentlemen's Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched. **7/11** doz.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.,
44 T, Donegall Place, BELFAST. To H.M. The King.

. . The "Aero" . .
FOLDING FELT

The Lightest Hat of its kind in the whole World—weighing only 1¼ ounces.

. . It is a hat which should form part of the wardrobe of all men who value a combination of Comfort and Good Style. Primarily intended for Negligé Wear—it serves that purpose through and beyond.

. . For Evening Wear . . Garden Wear . . Golf . . Cycling . . Tennis . . Boating — for all but strictly formal occasions—this hat is ideal in every respect.

. . Adaptability is a strong feature of the "Aero." Being extremely pliable, it can be shaped by the wearer to suit his face, his taste, or the occasion—the possible shapes being almost endless in variety.

. . It is made of a good quality felt, so soft and pliable that the hat can be folded and put into one's pocket. It is practically waterproof; heavy rain might penetrate it, but would not injure it. It is made in the following colours :— Dark Green, Light Green, Brown, Drab, Grey, Black, and White.

PRICE . . 4/6 . . Post Free.

. . This hat can be obtained from any of our branches except the Gracechurch Street one, or Post Free from our Mail Order Dept., at 388, Strand. In ordering by post, please state the size of hat usually worn, and the colour required. Remittance must accompany all orders, but the hat will be exchanged if not approved or the money refunded. Please mention "The Bystander."

Horne BROTHERS

HATTERS & OUTFITTERS,
Central Establishment and Mail Order Dept.
388, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
. . . and Branches Throughout London. . .

WES

FROCKS·FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Only one more week, and we shall be plunged into the Easter Recess. The pending exodus has given the shops an encouraging impetus, particularly in the direction of knockabout country suits, the now prevailing glorified tailored costumes appearing almost as incongruous, in a country lane, as a regulation visiting gown. At

Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street

one already finds an exhaustive array of suitable country attire, the firm making it a rule to bring out some smart novelty in the form of a wrap coat at this hour. Working, as is perforce required, on limited lines, the changes wrought are necessarily subtle, and the particular feature elected for emphasis in the latest model is a roll rêver collar to the double-breasted front. The accompanying sketch affords an admirable idea of the elegant line this brings about, the whole cut tending to define the figure, and bring about a sharper silhouette than has been the case of late. The early spring race meetings invariably demand the possession of such a wrap.

An Elegant Wrap Coat
With a roll rêver collar to the double-breasted front
(Sketched at Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street, by Dorothy Millar)

At the very last Sandown meeting—a bitterly cold day out of the sun—there were some pitiable spectacles of women dressed in thin, white cloth suits, while one intrepid lady appeared in a Directoire toilette of black satin, trimmed with gold, that positively sent colder shudders down the back than the chill east wind.

For the Grand Military, which, weather permitting, will have been run when these words appear in print, the well-built wrap coat and severe tailor suits—styles always pioneered by Kenneth Durward—will be to the fore. I should, perhaps, add that the illustrated example is built of paisley green tweed, checked over with a fine line of dull brown. Green, by the way, frequently tempered with brown, continues the leading note of colour here, and is responsible for several irresistible costumes, the *trottoir* intention of the skirts being always unmistakable. This is as it should be, and Kenneth Durward's cut and balance a skirt with the same skill they do their coats, a combination by no means as general as people suppose.

The Opening of the Season at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

Holding, as they do, a unique position in our midst, a position that no alien element can possibly disturb, the house of Shoolbred is prepared with as brave a spring show as anyone could desire to find. As our space is limited, and Shoolbred's departments proportionately numerous, it will only be possible, for the moment, to dwell upon the virtues of the costumes. The keynote of the modistic policy here is struck in the charming Princesse gown sketched by Mrs. Dorothy Millar. This is effected in *bois de rose* cashmere, ornamented with silk *passementerie* in tone, as is also the tucked net guimpe and sleeves. Although a design replete with detail, the latter are all cleverly subordinated to the main outline, which stands out distinctly and clearly a Princesse, *et voila!* And surely, under the conditions, the cost of eight guineas is worthy of being told.

Also, while we are in the way of prices, I should like to say a word of praise for a tweed suit, that runs through a range of fashionable colours and neutral tones, relieved by satin facings, and is only 75*s.* 6*d.*

Indicative of the latest and best is a delicate biscuit *voile* allied with net, the latter ornamented with tiny drawn folds of the *voile* and a narrow, dull silver braid. The corsage is almost entirely of the net elaborately treated, while the skirt, with its graceful draped sides, irresistibly visions the *pannier*. An amethyst *cachemire de soie*, again, is particularly handsome trimmed with a heavy knotted silk fringe and a delicate aluminium embroidery; while, perhaps, the *bonne bouche* of the whole collection is a veritable Louis XVI. evening toilette, correct in every detail, with its skirt of soft lace, completed by draped overdress of brocade silk.

Jas. SHOOLBRED & Co.

COSTUME DEPARTMENT.

A Large and Charmingly varied selection of New Spring Fashions and Models.

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

No. 70

Smart Black Vicuna Suit.

Vest and collar of Ottoman Silk and buttons of black satin. Skirt well gored, with buttons on front width to correspond with Coat.

PRICE **63/6**

5/- extra to measure.

"Spring Cleaning" made easy by using MELTONIAN FURNITURE POLISH.

To be obtained from the leading Stores (and most of the small ones). Price **6d.** large size tin.

Easy and pleasant to use.
DOES NOT STICK.

Made by . .
E. BROWN & SON
Manufacturers of the celebrated

"Meltonian" Boot Polishes.
Known all over the World.

If unable to obtain, please write direct for name of nearest retailer.

E. BROWN & SON, 7, Garrick St., LONDON.
And at 26, Rue Bergère, PARIS.

A PUFF

is needed for Vinolia Powder — not to sing its praises, but to administer its virtues. It soothes the skin—allays irritation. It is good in every sense of the word.

VINOLIA

Vinolia Powder, 1s.; Vinolia Cream, 1s.1½d.
Vinolia Violet Powder, 3d., 6d., & 9d.

VO 8

About the Abingdon Carpet Manufactory

A story, quite apart from the frivolities and fascinations of personal finery, but one fully as interesting in its way, is to be told of the above-named firm, whose productions and methods of business are alike of singular excellence. So long ago as the Great Exhibition of 1851, goods from the Abingdon Mill were shown. But things have progressed since then, although, so far as this industry in particular is concerned, situated within sight of the silvery Thames, the progression has been steadily levelled at an accentuation of artistic effects. Since the earliest inception, when the inhabitants of Abingdon first conceived the idea of weaving the rushes into a rough kind of floor-covering, the feature of the production has been hand-work. The looms to-day are as amenable to individual expression as they were in the days of the old man known as "Father," who has been rush mat-making as long as he can remember. The Abingdon carpets are essentially individual, and are especially suitable to hard wear, such as one gets in a garden-room, riverside cottage, schools, and when stone is used in lieu of wood for floors.

Growing Success

Fortunately for the growing success of the Abingdon manufacture, the conduct of the business is in the hands of an ardent admirer of Mr. Morris, who, while wisely adhering to a certain primitiveness of aspect, has adventured variations of the parent theme, and gradually extended the possibilities, until to-day the Abingdon productions take high rank with others of their kind, and anyone in want of lasting worth under hardy conditions need never hesitate to requisition the services of this firm.

Where all is so good, it seems a little invidious to particularise. But a special word on the score of artistic colouring is due to the plain "Roysse" all-wool carpet, which is delightful for study or bedroom use, supplemented with one or two rugs to break the severity of tone. The "Isis" is an art rush matting, actually fashioned of the rushes growing by the River Isis, which are dried in the sun, and woven in a hard loom, the twine that binds the rushes in long strands being in art colours. The "Isis" makes a capital surround, and is also frequently utilised for dados. The firm have an interesting catalogue, written well up to date, which can be had on application to the Company at Abingdon-on-Thames, where the whole business is concentrated

A Charming Princesse Gown
Effected in *bois de rose* cashmere
(Sketched at Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, by Dorothy Millar)

THE MENU

A SIMPLE LUNCH

Sole à la Tour d'Argent

Fillet a fair-sized sole and divide the fillets into eight pieces. Place them in a stewpan with half a pint of white stock and one and a half dozen of button mushrooms, season with salt and a very little cayenne pepper. Place over the fire from ten to fifteen minutes, and when the fish is cooked, drain and place them on a hot dish, arranging the mushrooms on the top of them. Now melt 1oz. of butter in a pan, and stir gradually into it 1oz. of flour; when quite smooth, stir in one gill of cream and the same amount of the stock in which the fish has been stewed. Stir until the sauce thickens, but do not let it boil. Pour over the fish, and serve. Lemon sole or filleted fresh haddock can be used for this dish.

Fillet of Beef à la Mirabeau

Take 1lb. of fillet of beef, broil it nicely, but not too much. Have in readiness some maître d'hôtel butter made thus: 3oz. of butter, one dessertspoonful of minced parsley, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and a little pepper and salt to taste; work all these ingredients into a pat and leave on a plate. After broiling the fillets, place a piece of maître d'hôtel butter as big as a walnut on the top, and garnish with fried potato chips and bunches of watercress arranged alternately.

Stewed Pigeons with Chicory

Take three or four Bordeaux pigeons and put them in a sauté pan with 1oz. of butter and 2oz. of minced bacon; season with salt and pepper and cook them over a quick fire long enough to brown the pigeons nicely; moisten with a gill of gravy, cover the pan, and cook the birds in the oven for half an hour, or a little longer. Wash a bundle of chicory and cook till tender in plenty of salted water, containing a tablespoonful of flour and some lemon-juice. When done, drain and reheat in a little butter, season with pepper and finely chopped parsley. Untruss the pigeons, and cut them up into neat joints. Dress them in the centre of a large entrée dish, and strain over the sauce, previously freed from fat. Arrange the chicory neatly round the pigeons and serve hot.

Preserved Ginger Pudding

Beat ¼lb. of butter and ¼lb. of castor sugar to a cream, stir in one egg and 2oz. of flour, and beat for five minutes; add another egg and 2oz. more of flour, and beat again. Cut 2oz. of preserved ginger into small pieces, add it to the mixture with two tablespoonfuls of the syrup, and mix well, stir in half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and again mix well. Put into a buttered mould, and steam for two hours.

Macaroni à l'Italienne

Boil 3oz. of macaroni for nearly thirty minutes, and, having drained it, put it back into the pan and stir into it 1oz. of cheese finely grated, 1oz. of butter, and half a pint of tomato purée. Mix well and serve very hot, piled on a dish.

EMILIA.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

No. 1023.
A Handsome Model Lounge Wing Chair in Tapestry, **70/-**

Designers and makers of the most shapely and comfortable upholstery known.

The large Showrooms in Tottenham House contain an immense number of beautiful models—perfect comfort and moderate cost being markedly characteristic of them all.

TOTTENHAM HOUSE,
Tottenham Court Road,
LONDON, W.

When Furnishing a New Home, or Spring Cleaning the one now occupied,

PLEASE REMEMBER

that you then have the most convenient opportunity for installing Gas Fires, Gas Cooking Stoves, Gas Water-heaters, and Gas-heated Wash-house Boilers; and

THAT

by the introduction of these labour-saving, dirt-preventing appliances, which have reduced the Domestic Servant Problem to a minimum in many households,

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

as well as secure increased comfort for every member of the household.

For full particulars, see Illustrated Booklet, "Domestic Problems," post free from Dept. "O,"

THE GAS LIGHT & COKE COMPANY,

HORSEFERRY ROAD, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

The Editor's Box

Municipal Reform Meeting

The Hon. William Peel, M.P., L.C.C. (Leader of the Municipal Reform Party), will address a mass meeting at the Shoreditch Town Hall on Monday, April 5, upon "The Work of the Municipal Reform Party." The Hon. Rupert Guinness, C.M.G., M.P., L.C.C., will preside, and will be supported by Municipal Reform Councillors for Shoreditch and the surrounding divisions.

Pwllheli Golf Links

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has arranged to open an extension of the seaside golf links at Pwllheli, at Cardigan Bay, during the Easter holidays. These beautiful links have been laid out under the direction of James Braid, and form a fine 18-hole course.

Catholic "Who's Who"

The Catholic "Who's Who and Year Book for 1909," edited by Sir F. C. Burnand, and published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, is rapidly swelling to the size of Messrs. Black's "Who's Who." It is an invaluable book of reference, beautifully printed on excellent paper, and gives details of the careers of every distinguished Catholic priest and layman. Some of the little biographies make most romantic reading. The price is 3*s.* 6*d.*

An Excellent Food for Infants

The subject of infant feeding has lately received a good deal of attention, and it is undoubtedly a fact that much of the child's future depends on the food given during the first few months of infancy. A food to be recommended is Savory and Moore's, which long experience has proved to be thoroughly reliable. This famous food has stood a fifty years' test, and it has been used in most of the Royal nurseries of Europe. Medical men generally are so satisfied with the excellence of Savory and Moore's Food that many of them are bringing up their own children upon it. In order that all parents may have an opportunity of trying their food, Messrs. Savory and Moore are willing to send a special large trial tin to all who write to them at 143, New Bond Street, London, mentioning this paper and enclosing 6*d.* for postage.

A Remedy at Last

Travellers who are subject to either sea-sickness or train-sickness will be delighted to learn that a cure for both these distressing experiences has at

length been found. Zotos is a proved remedy, and is to be heartily recommended to all who suffer in the way mentioned.

The Empire Theatre

The sole and exclusive rights for bioscope pictures of the Grand National, which was run last Friday at Aintree, have again been acquired by the management of the Empire Theatre. Arrangements were made whereby bioscope cameras were placed at every jump, so that a complete record of the race from start to finish was obtained. Pictures were taken of the crowd in the paddock and also a bird's-eye view of the course. In this manner members of the audience who were unable to witness the race itself will be able to enjoy every detail of it at the Empire. Bioscope pictures of the Guards' rush to Hastings are also being shown at the Empire Theatre, depicting the principal incidents.

New Gramophone Records

The Gramophone Company have quite a number of new records for March. Three of these are by the band of the Coldstream Guards, and include Tschaikowsky's Finale 4th Symphony. Then there are records by the Black Diamonds and La Scala Symphony orchestras. To mention but a few of the well-known singers, Mr. John Coates, Mr. Evan Williams, Mr. Plunkett Greene, and Mr. Maurice Farkoa have all made records. Mr. Farkoa's is that delightful song from *Lady Madcap*, "I Like You in Velvet." Records sure of a welcome are *Mr. John Mackay*, by Harry Lauder, and a recitation by Bransby Williams. The Gramophone Company have also put on the market records of *An Englishman's Home.*

"Nimrod" Antarctic Expedition

Mr. Heinemann will publish in the autumn Lieut. Shackleton's book on the *Nimrod* Antarctic Expedition, which not only penetrated 350 miles further south than any previous expedition, but actually discovered the Southern Magnetic Pole.

Broadway Theatre

Mr. James Welch is here with his company in *When Knights Were Bold* this week.

Coronet Theatre

The Merry Widow is proving a great attraction at this theatre this week. The cast is a strong one, including, as it does, Misses Clara Evelyn, Mabel Russell, Kathleen Courtney, Sylvia May, and Nora Brocklebank; Messrs. Eric Thorne, Talleur Andrews, and Basil Foster. The old morality play, *Everyman*, will be performed here on Wednesday, April 7, and Thursday, April 8, at three p.m.

The Best Daily Beverage

Many people feel the need of a nourishing daily beverage that may be taken instead of tea or coffee at breakfast time, or in the afternoon. Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk provides just what is wanted on these occasions.

Made from the finest cocoa and pure, rich, country milk, it has a delicious flavour and is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. But its chief merit is that it is quite easy of digestion, even by those who are unable to take tea, coffee, or cocoa in the ordinary form.

It requires neither sugar nor milk, and is made in a moment simply by adding hot water. Try a cup of Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk about 4.30 in the afternoon. It is wonderfully refreshing and sustaining. Supplied in tins at 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*

SAMPLE FOR 3d. A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, post free, for 3*d.* by Savory and Moore, Ltd., 143, New Bond Street, London. (Mention *The Bystander.*)

Savory & Moore's PEPTONISED COCOA & MILK

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making use less quantity it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.